★ JOHN BULL, MARCH 8, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1812

AIR RAIDS! LLOYD'S POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

B.B.C.'S OWN WAR

THREE WAYS TO BEAT THE NAZIS

"For my next trick I need an ordinary tea-towel!"

said Sam Bentley

Sam's favourite indoor sport is conjuring. When he and Molly Bentley come over, there's no holding him. We just have to stand for it . . . you know, the polite stuff. But I had to turn him down when he asked for a tea-towel! Said we hadn't one in the place . . . so Sam did a couple of card tricks instead. But Molly . . . what an old-fashioned look she gave me when I said we had no tea-towels!

"What, no tea-towels?" she asked—too sweetly, I thought. I explained: "The way I wash-up I don't need 'em." So Molly said "That sounds like one of Sam's hey-presto jobs to me. How d'you do it? Or is it a deadly secret of the Magician's Circle, or something?"

"There's no magic about it," I said, edging her into the scullery, and pointing to my packet of Oxydol. "Oxydol shifts grease like nobody's business—so you don't have to go over every single dish, wiping it with a tea-towel. Just a hot tap-rinse and the dishes dry all a-shine-o on their own. Gets the job done in half the time!" Molly's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "It's a knockout," she said. "I loathe wiping anyway . . . *me* for a packet of Oxydol first thing tomorrow!"

"I wash-up with Triple Test Oxydol and get these three amazing advantages"—

1. Triple Test Oxydol washes up in half the time . . . you see, it gets rid of grease so thoroughly there's no need to wipe the dishes. A simple hot tap-rinse and they drain and dry by themselves, sparkling and smearless. The job is done in half the time with Oxydol.

2. Triple Test Oxydol halves the cost of washing-up by doing up to twice as much work for your money. Penny for penny, Oxydol goes up to twice as far as those catchpenny soap powders.

3. Triple Test Oxydol protects your hands! Oxydol's rich, long-lasting lather gets rid of grease like magic, so washing-up doesn't give you ugly, grease-grimed hands. Oxydol lather is gentle on your hands even in the hardest water.

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You can buy Triple Test Oxydol everywhere: 1/-, 6d. and 3½d.

FREE! THIS GRAND SONG BOOK FOR HIM!

If you have someone in the Forces—at home or abroad—let us send him FREE a special copy of the famous CARSON ROBISON SONG BOOK, containing 23 grand cowboy melodies. He and his pals will be delighted. Just send us *his* name and full address on a postcard and we do the rest.

Write to Dept. J.B., Thos. Hedley & Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 88, Newcastle-on-Tyne

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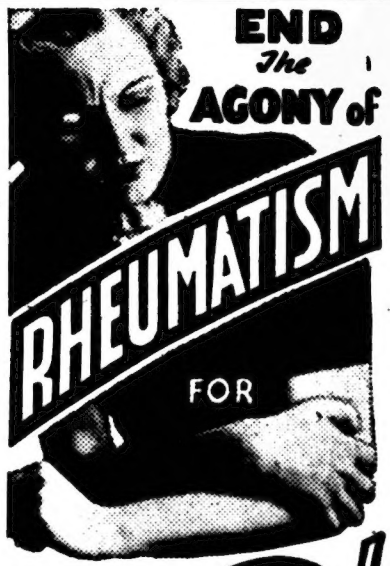
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/5 and 3/5. SINGLE DOSE (Prices include Purchase Tax). 2½D



Conditions this year are fostering Rheumatic complaints, but you need not be racked by this trouble. If damp conditions have brought on an attack of Rheumatic agony, don't suffer it—stop it? Beechams Powders ACT MORE QUICKLY and MORE CERTAINLY because of their special powder form. They end the fierce twinge of pain, the knife-like thrust of agony or the niggling ache so thoroughly that people say they ACT LIKE MAGIC. 2½D
Also 'FLU, COLDS, CHILLS LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA
Cartons of 8 Powders 1/-. Single Powders 2½d. each (including Purchase Tax) A Beecham Product.
BEECHAMS POWDERS
ACT LIKE MAGIC

FRY'S COCOA as a food

(3) ITS PLACE IN THE HOUSEHOLD BUDGET

Fry's Cocoa plays a most important part in the nation's wartime diet, for, besides being a popular and pleasant drink, it is a very valuable food as well.

Rich in nourishment, energy and nerve-strengthening substances, Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further and helps to fill in the gaps made by rationing. Fry's is one of the few valuable foods that cost less since the war, so that its inclusion in the family diet does much to balance the domestic budget, and to solve some of the housewife's major worries.

FRY'S
The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-POUND

C.274.7243

SMOKERS' 'FUR'
IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere. 7½d., 1/1d. and 1/10½d. a tube (including Purchase Tax). 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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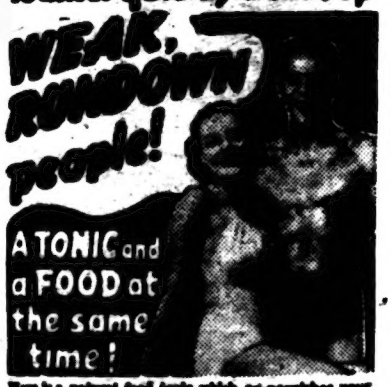

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Your body must have an adequate daily supply of the life-giving Mineral Salts . . . must have Food Iodine and Vitamin B. Vitelp gives you all these precious elements so vital to health — no wild to life itself.
There is a tremendously concentrated food value in Vitelp Bound Tablets, too. For instance, a week's supply gives you as much Calcium as 20 lbs. of Lettuce — as much Phosphorus as in 15 eggs — as much Iron as in 250 lbs. of tomatoes — as much Vitamin B as in 400 lbs. of Spinach.
There are 9 of the 12 essential minerals in Vitelp. And as all these precious Minerals and Vitamins get into your system, they gradually re-nourish it. You begin to build up. Nerves steady. Tiredness turns into energy. You have found the way back to new health and strength.
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NAME .....
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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 8, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

FOOD

● **Good news about food!**

JOHN BULL can forecast that those popular meats drably described by officialdom as "offals"—sweetbreads, kidneys, ox tongue and so on—are likely to be de-rationed shortly.

There is some doubt about liver. But probably that, too, will be removed from the list of rationed foodstuffs.

Meanwhile, action is being taken to end the muddles in food distribution.

Sheffield councillors, angered by queues outside pork shops in their city, went to Wakefield and found they could buy nine 1-lb. pork pies and similar articles without difficulty.

That sort of anomaly, we are promised, will soon be unknown.

But the Ministry of Food should next tackle the "black market," where rich people can buy rationed goods without surrendering coupons. At an exorbitant price, of course!

One in Brighton is now the subject of official inquiry.

But nearly every other big town has its "black market."

All must be stamped out.

Straight from the Shoulder

IS IT A DOUBLE CROSS?

CHIEF concern of Britain is still—Britain.

Turn your eyes away from turbulent Balkans.

Shut your ears to the thunderous conquests of Wavell.

Concentrate on business in Britain.

For on our turnover this Spring depends the whole course of the war.

Sleek Highwaymen

Hitler will make his biggest attempt to drive us into bankruptcy.

Hundreds of U-boats, those sleek highwaymen of war, will lurk in our shipping lanes.

New appliances, new tactics, have been devised to combat them. But we cannot hope to build faster than our losses.

"Cross Must Go!"

So every ocean tramp must be reckoned as valuable as a Spitfire, every seaman as great a safeguard as a sentry.

Delay at the docks will be disastrous. To waste an hour in a shipyard will be traitorous.

The Cabinet is aware of the need for still greater production in the yards and quicker handling of cargoes.

But its critics are not satisfied.

They raise the cry, "Cross Must Go!"

Does What He's Told

Mr. Cross is the Minister of Shipping. A young, amiable, energetic banker-politician.

Perhaps a better man could be found for the job. But the critics who want Mr. Cross's blood do not recognise the limitations imposed on him.

Mr. Cross is not in charge of shipbuilding and ship repairs. That is under Admiralty control.

He is not the boss of dock workers. And it is the Cabinet that decides how available shipping shall be utilised. Mr. Cross just does what he is told.

Is there, then, some ulterior motive in the vendetta levelled against him?

Sinister Someone

Maybe, someone wishes to succeed him, not as a mere Minister, but as a Super-Minister of Shipping, with absolute control of the whole industry.

If so, the intrigue should fail.

The public is in no mood to allow personal ambition to be furthered by war.

Not Defending Him

JOHN BULL is no apologist for Mr. Cross.

Undoubtedly he does not always prove himself an economical manager.

Last week we revealed how he is sending ships across the Atlantic in ballast, a dangerous practice in recent weeks.

That monstrous waste of cargo space must be stopped. But he must also get more co-operation from the Ministry of Transport.

The scandal of holding up ships for weeks because of lack of lorries and rail wagons should not, cannot, be tolerated.

Miracle-Men

In the last year before the war, British shipwrights built 748,000 tons of shipping. That figure was greatly exceeded last year.

More, still more, must be achieved this year

Most shipbuilders are responding magnificently to their country's need. They are performing miracles of speed and craftsmanship.

But not all.

Big Chief Bevin

Complaints are heard, even now, of men in the "yards" who draw big wages for playing cards.

They are blackguards who should be treated as such. Yet the fault is not theirs alone.

It is shared by lazy managers, lax foremen, and the fellow-workers who wink at their lead-swinging.

Now Mr. Bevin is on their track.

As Big Chief of Production, he will, no doubt, realise that better production depends on better organisation.

This'll Make Him Wild

In factories as well as shipyards, Mr. Bevin's worst enemies are ca'canny bosses.

They will find him a dangerous man when roused to anger. So let us make him as angry as many workers feel.

There was nearly a riot in a Midlands engineering works last week. The men were told to modernise the boss's furniture.

They complained to the foremen in vain.

The manager told a deputation that he could do nothing.

The managing director refused to see a deputation.

They Sleep as Protest

Mr. Bevin will succeed where they failed. He will get them back to war work.

Next, we suggest, he should visit "the unemployed corner" in a Government ordnance factory.

Men go to that corner to sleep—and to attract the manager's attention. For they would be rather making shells.

But no work has been given to them for three months.

Making Trinkets

Even in a Spitfire factory, it is said, men spend their time in making trinkets for themselves, playing cards, or sleeping.

Would Ministers like particulars of these complaints? JOHN BULL will supply them.

And we invite other evidence of inefficiency, so that the gaps in our production can be welded together.

More Time-Wasting

Ministers must overhaul their own departments. Too much time is wasted on drinking tea and reading the newspapers.

Too many minor matters are referred to the Minister instead of being cleared by subordinates.

Even the Prime Minister has his valuable time taken up with details.

Last week he had to intervene in a department squabble that should have been settled by the responsible Minister.

Everything's Needed

But the greatest waste is still the fault of the private citizen.

Seamen's lives are still imperilled—and sacrificed—to bring supplies that could be salved from domestic dustbins.

The paper you waste can be used again.

The food scraps you throw away should feed pigs and poultry.

Efforts Nullified

Do not protest that you are one of the conscientious few, but that your efforts are nullified by your local council.

You will not "do your bit" by remaining passive.

It is your duty to rouse your local authorities. If you fail, you should inform the Ministry of Supply.

Only then can you claim to be helping to save men's lives.

Collect Food Scraps!

It rests with the people whether every district has its communal pig farm to utilise food scraps.

It rests with the people whether we shall save ships from torpedoes by making our own soil fertilisers from sewage.

Ready For U-Boats!

Above all, it rests with the public whether Hitler's Spring offensive will fail. And there is no doubt of that.

He will synchronise his U-boat campaign with air attacks on our towns.

Neither can break us alone. We know now that we can withstand nightly bombing.

We have proved our stamina.

We have overhauled A.R.P. and after-bombing arrangements.

R.A.F. Takes Off

We have the satisfaction that the R.A.F. offensive—predicted by JOHN BULL months ago—has now started.

By day, our aircraft have extended their "sweeps" to the Channel and Northern France. They will bite further and further into enemy territory.

By night, more bombs will rain on German war plants than ever before.

The German public does not relish the prospect.

(Continued overleaf)

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Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

This gigantic scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters, Fire Watchers, Ambulance Drivers, etc.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Worst hindrance to Nazi invasion and shock troop training: seasickness. After hours in barges, 98 out of 100 selected troops couldn't even wade ashore. Only a few could stand up.**

● *Factory was ordered to make vast quantities of a remedy for this seasickness. Just when it was ready for production, all the special plant was destroyed in a R.A.F. raid. When the work was put in hand again, the medicine proved ineffective.*

● Irreplaceable machinery, making magnetos for latest Nazi bombers, was smashed when the R.A.F. attacked Marelli Bosch factory in Milan. The 7,000 workers have since been scattered to various factories in Germany.

● **Goering as well as Goebbels now has to lie to allay public anxiety since the Luftwaffe's failure to stop the R.A.F. He says there are fewer air battles over Britain because the R.A.F. have been driven back north and west of the Midlands, and that the south and east is a shambles!**

● *Hitler is worried by the graft that is enriching some Nazi bosses and making the others jealous. Goering has seized control of Paris fashion houses; Ribbentrop has grabbed the champagne industry.*

● These crooked deals are infuriating not only the public in Western Germany, but high German society.

● **Most of the European war loot is now used up, especially oil. As Rumania is now the only source of supply, German engineers have been called off other vital work to build transport for Rumania.**

● *Nazis are upset by the British paratroop experiment in Italy. Because Germany has so many thousand vulnerable points of vital importance, and has never provided for this type of offensive, the High Command is extremely nervous of the danger of British attack.*

● **Ethiopian patriots are only one section of Italian East Africa's internal troubles. Along the coast, thousands of Arabs have escaped. They have offered their services and their boats—only means of transport—to Britain.**

● **On the other side of the Libyan frontier, Arabs are working with the Free French in the Sahara. All tribes formerly under Italian domination have secured their liberty except those near Tripoli.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

RAILWAYS are again threatening to raise fares and freight rates.

Not much "Equality of Sacrifice" about that.

Despite a profit of £42,763,000 last year, the directors argue that increased running costs should be handed on to the public.

They may be unlucky.

For negotiations to amend the present agreement between the Government and the companies have reached an advanced stage.

Vicious Spiral

The public is incensed by the frequent applications for dearer fares, which impose hardship on war workers, soldiers and people whose children have been evacuated.

Dearer freight rates add to the prices of goods, which in turn lead to applications for higher wages.

So we get the "vicious spiral" of rising costs.

And so the Minister of Transport will do a vital service if his new agreement defeats the railway Oliver Twists.

Still On Up-Grade

Still on the up-grade, too, are food prices.

Hares are now being sold in London at 10s. 6d. each.

No doubt the Ministry of Food will wait a few months before stopping this racket.

Why not now?

Expensive Humour

Mr. Alfred Edwards, M.P., has made a discovery about bacon.

Lorries reaching London from the Tyne with bacon have to stand by to take bacon from London to the Tyne!

Some official seems to have an expensive sense of humour.

Convicts Fed Up

War workers certainly won't see anything funny in the fact that convicts are given two pounds of meat and four ounces of corned beef a week.

Prisoners should be adequately fed, of course.

But why give them preferential treatment?

Revealing Muddles

Fortunately, such muddles are usually righted when they are brought to officialdom's notice.

A Norwich mother wrote to Lord Woolton to tell him that her little girl could not get milk at school.

Norwich children now have their daily milk.

Schools in other towns deserve Lord Woolton's attention.

Industrial Monotony

Next comes a tip to Mr. Bevin from Mr. W. S. Scholes, of Oldham.

He has a remedy for the monotony suffered by workers engaged on simple mechanical processes.

Teach them to operate not only one machine but also several types; let them change over each day or week, according to circumstances.

After all, we train our soldiers to use bayonet, Bren gun, rifle, Mills bomb and entrenching tool.

So why condemn industrial workers to the same task, day in and year out?

Need for Probe

Scandal of incompetent foremen is not confined to industry.

We hear of Service establishments where men have handed in their notices following many disputes with a charge-hand who is alleged to know nothing of their trade.

Every incompetent foreman means a waste of money, effort and material.

No time should be wasted, therefore, in probing these complaints.

"Society" Ornaments

M.P.s who complain that there are still too many "Society ornaments" in the A.T.S. should ask the Minister of War about a certain company commanded by the wife of a general.

Her second-in-command is a colonel's wife, her third is married to an admiral, and every N.C.O. is said to be either wife or daughter of an officer.

This suggests "Bingham-ism" with a vengeance!

"Spit and Polish"

All leave was stopped at a Scottish Army camp in preparation for a visit by the Princess Royal.

No doubt an extra "spit-and-polish" was entailed. But would a few men, due for leave, have been missed from the ceremonial parade?

We feel certain that she would not have minded.

Helping That Man!

Police, given secret instructions regarding the Home Guard and military action in case of invasion, heard civilians repeating the news next day.

Yes, the men in khaki still talk too much.

One soldier in a crowded 'bus last week loudly told a girl friend when and where his unit would embark for a voyage to a certain theatre of war.

Just to help Hitler?

Won't Solve It!

Worst compromise of the war won't solve the rates problem.

Ministry of Health has agreed to make loans to towns facing a deficit due to evacuation or bomb damage.

But only if the towns can show that a rise in rates would cause hardship.

And the loans must be repaid after the war.

All Their Ugliness

Yet, while some great towns have been badly hit, others have escaped both bombs and the threat of bankruptcy.

Some, indeed, have been made prosperous by war.

Never was there greater need for rate equalisation.

Never were the injustices of the existing system revealed in all their ugliness.

A Fresh Campaign

Another urgent problem is the daily waste of a thousand tons of paper.

If every man and woman saved only one newspaper a week the problem would be solved.

Ministry of Supply should start a fresh campaign.

It should also restrict the supplies of high-grade paper to "crank" organisations.

What's the Answer!

A Cheltenham ex-Serviceman is worried.

He wants to enlist again. But Army regulations say that officers and rankers should not be seen together in public, that there should not be "undue familiarity."

That is awkward, for the Cheltenian's wife is an officer in a women's Service.

Should he stay in civvies?

Or get a divorce?

Still No Children

Look in the "small ad." columns of your local paper and see how many landlords still specify, "No children."

You'll also find a new ban—"No evacuees. No Jews."

Not even war will teach some folk to be unselfish. Perhaps the prosecutions now taking place for refusal to accept evacuees will help.

Refused Them Coal

Way down in Somerset they've thought of a new dodge to add to war's difficulties.

Portishead Gas Company, it is said, refused to deliver coal unless householders were also prepared to buy coke.

The local council has intervened.

Thanks to the council!

Irate Payers!

Ratepayers in the Bridgwater area, in the same county, are angry.

Water is constantly being cut off in many villages.

One mother had to tramp miles, collecting drips to fill a hot-water bottle ordered by a doctor for her dying child.

Councillors are told that the water must continue to be cut off as certain methods adopted had not proved satisfactory.

Meanwhile, those whose homes are not surrounded by flood water will have to journey to pay their water rates!

Just Supposing . . .

Supposing, when the floods subside, the district should reap a harvest of fire bombs?

How could the firemen work without water?

Somerset is not the only county where the water supplies are meagre.

JOHN BULL's plan for a national Water Grid, to prevent drought and flood, may not be possible in war time.

But plans should be made now for alternative supplies to every district

We Have Surprises, Too!

ADOLF HITLER, fifty-two next April, has always been full of "bounce." Now he has a touch of "Spring fever."

He dares to thank Providence that he is still "young and fresh" for this "inevitable" war. For the hundredth time he boasts of our coming destruction.

JOHN BULL ignores his threats and is not interested in the views of ignorant and timid writers who keep on trying to guess what he may attempt against us this Spring.

We prefer to look forward to what we *know* will happen to Hitler and his gang in the not far distant future.

Are they men or are they mice, these experts who are for ever discussing Hitler's next move?

When he threatened us the other day with a submarine attack such as we have never dreamed of, he must have forgotten that Churchill has dreamed of it, has seen it coming, has prepared for it, and awaits it with confidence.

This Nazi challenge is not a new one, and American newspapers have met it with a more defiant answer than any of our own.

"*We* shall have something to say about this," they said.

"We are producing guns, tanks, shells and 'planes for the British people, and we do not intend to make these finely finished weapons only to have them sunk in the Atlantic.

"*By one means or another, we shall see that they reach England.*"

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS, THEN, FOR WHEN THE WEAPONS OF WAR ARE IN OUR HANDS, *WE* SHALL SEE THAT THEY ARE USED AGAINST GERMANY.

We shall use them to attack the enemy at all points. We shall hammer and harass him by sea and land and smite him from the thunderous skies.

JOHN BULL *is not free to tell you anything of this country's gigantic plans for offensive action. But they exist. Hitler says the Nazis were working hard all through the winter.*

We can believe that, but he must be a fool if he thinks we have been idling.

British leaders did not boast about what we were going to do in Africa.

"Kolossal" it is, even by German standards. The Germans invented the "blitzkrieg," and General Wavell improved upon their invention.

HE HAS NOT ONLY DESTROYED MUSSOLINI'S AFRICAN EMPIRE, BUT, IN SO DOING, HE HAS REDUCED ITALY TO A VASSALAGE MORE IGNOBLE THAN DEFEAT.

The Duce admits it. And he grovels to Adolf Hitler.

We did not wait for the Italian fleet; we attacked it on the high seas and in its base at Taranto.

We put a third of its capital ships out of action and forced the others to skulk in harbour.

Mussolini had planned the invasion of Egypt. We did not wait for that.

Instead, we attacked and routed and rounded up Italian forces far more numerous than our own.

Then, suddenly, we frightened the "Wops" almost out of their lives by landing British parachute troops in Italy itself.

That was a small operation, but think of its significance. It proved that we have men trained and willing and ready to emulate—yes, and to surpass—the most spectacular military adventure that the Nazis have ever attempted.

The Germans were the first to use gas in the last war, but before it was ended we were smoking them out of their trenches like wasps with deadlier gases than their own.

They placed their faith in submarines then, as they do now, but we invented the Azdic detector and smashed the U-Boat menace. Do you imagine our inventors are asleep to-day? Do you suppose that the Navy and the Air Force are less alive to this peril now than they were then, or less competent to meet it?

Not a bit of it! While "Jerry" has been building his small, short-range submarines—many of them to replace the doomed craft which have left no trace but a smudge of oil on sullen waters—we have been building corvettes and bombing 'planes.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

For months we have held command of the daylight skies over our own islands and the near seas.

Now we evidently have sufficient bombing strength to carry the air war into enemy, or enemy-occupied, territory by day as well as night.

We are doing so already and "the rapiers of the R.A.F. and the Fleet Air Arm will tear more deeply and destructively into the flesh and blood of Germany in the coming months than ever before."

Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Air Minister, has made this promise. JOHN BULL *does not doubt that it implies the Government's resolve to give the Nazis a dose of their own medicine.*

We have endured raid after raid by German bombers, who have deliberately "grid-ironed" our towns with no other purpose than to destroy the homes of the people and the people in their homes.

"They spared no horror to Coventry or Birmingham or London," said Sir Archibald, "and we must 'be copy now to men of grosser blood and teach them how to war!'".

JOHN BULL does not pretend to know and will not attempt to guess the plans of the Nazi High Command, but we share the Premier's clear understanding that we must expect all that Hitler's malice can contrive.

WE DO NOT MINIMISE THE PERILS THAT CONFRONT US. WE THINK IT RIGHT THAT THE COUNTRY SHOULD BE PREPARED FOR HARDSHIP, INURED TO DISCOMFORT AND URGED TO THE UTMOST ECONOMY.

But the people of Britain have already proved their dauntless courage; their magnificent capacity to "take punishment." They have compelled the admiration of the neutral world and the wondering, reluctant respect even of their enemies.

The Nazis have endured no comparable ordeals. They are flushed with easy victories; they are buoyed up with the hope of an early and victorious peace.

We can afford to bide our time. Hitler can't. He has used perjury as a weapon against his declared enemies and against the timid neutrals, too. His word is worthless outside the Reich, but he dare not continue to give post-dated cheques to his own people.

That is what he has been doing. He controls the German press and the German radio. He promised the German people a short war. Goering promised them immunity from air attack.

They have been expecting the great day of victory ever since France collapsed and, instead, they are still cowering in their cellars while the British bombers, *which could never reach them,* roar overhead.

HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick. We were warned to expect a long war; we were promised nothing but "blood and tears and sacrifice."

THEY WERE SUFFERING THE PRIVATIONS OF WAR LONG BEFORE THIS WORLD CONFLICT STARTED.

THEY LIVED IN HOPES OF RICH AND EASY REWARDS. WITH EVERY WEEK THAT PASSES, THE GERMAN MASSES WILL BE ASKING HITLER MORE INSISTENTLY "TO DELIVER THE GOODS."

He cannot do so.

The initiative is passing into our hands.

Lord Beaverbrook, who is never satisfied, is still almost satisfied with the rate of our aircraft production.

Mr. Menzies voices the confidence of Australia; Mr. Churchill faces the future undismayed.

And President Roosevelt is backing us to win and ready to put his country's shirt on the gamble.

Why should we worry about Hitler's next move? We are ready for it wherever and whenever it comes.

And the hour of our counter-attack is approaching; the day of Hitler's retribution draws near.

Lift up your hearts!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't be Cheap

● Speech was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, said the cynic. Maybe it's not as bad as that, but it was not given to him so that he could reveal all his thoughts and all his feelings all the time to everyone!

Yet many people seem to think so. And what bores they are! How loudly they proclaim to the world that they haven't the faintest notion of self-respect, dignity or self-discipline!

If they are depressed over what is, nine times out of ten, a purely personal matter, they must shed depression over everyone.

If they feel merry, they try to force everyone else to be the same.

How we all hate "the life and soul of the party!"

Such persons show us how essential it is to control your feelings—and to control your tongue.

This lesson must be learned by anyone who wishes to attain dignity, poise, and self-respect. It must certainly be learned by everyone who wishes to help, not hinder, his fellows.

You have not acquired any measure of self-control worth having unless fortune leaves you unmoved as far as the outside world can tell.

You have not achieved self-discipline to any degree until both Fate's blows and gifts leave you able to carry on as though nothing had happened.

A certain amount of privacy is essential to the well-being of anyone.

A certain amount of mental and spiritual privacy is also essential.

We should all have a little in reserve.

To parade all your feelings in public is to make yourself cheap.

OPEN LETTERS

Major-General J. BUCKLEY,
Army Controller-General of Economy

DEAR GENERAL,—As you prefer to call yourself an "expert in inefficiency," your new appointment should give you a whole year of field-days.

My fear is that you'll suffer a breakdown through overwork.

No doubt you will soon eliminate the wholesale waste of Army food, so that the mouths of mere civilians will no longer water at stories of tons of meat dumped into swill bins.

But that will be only the beginning of your strenuous campaign.

You must remind officers that Shell is as valuable as shells, for most of them think that as the Army gets its petrol tax-free it can be squandered as cheaply as water.

One camp has "lost" five hundred gallons!

Heavy lorries are sent to fetch a packet of cigarettes or a few bars of chocolate. Joy-riding in big cars running on Army petrol is common.

Empty wagons are sent from Southern camps to the North to collect stores. Other empty lorries run from the North to load up stores in the South.

A commanding officer was due to lunch at an officers' mess one day. So that he should enjoy "two veg.," a 30-cwt. lorry was sent sixteen miles for two pounds of brussels sprouts.

A private-hire car owner was called out at night to make a twenty-mile journey through the snow to fetch a white telephone needed for an Army concert party.

Road contractors are well paid for hiring their vehicles to camps. So are their drivers, most of whom get £7 a week.

Obviously, their jobs should be done by the soldiers who, drivers in civil life, are peeling potatoes or filling up pay-books.

I have said enough to indicate the hundred-and-one ramifications of your task.

Clear up the mess and you'll win a bloodless but vital victory.—JOHN BULL.

Sir D. SOMERVELL, K.C., M.P.,
Attorney-General

DEAR SIR,—**It is more than a month since you promised M.P.s to end the anomaly by which bombed-out tenants are still having to pay rent for houses that no longer exist.**

The necessary Bill has not yet made its appearance. But the tenants are still being dunned.

I hope you are not suffering from sleepy sickness.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. E. GIBSON,
Coventry City Architect

DEAR SIR,—The courage of Coventry people will be fittingly rewarded if your plans are carried out for a new city of wide streets, open spaces and up-to-date homes.

I admire your aim—"To make Coventry a city that people will enjoy living in instead of trying to escape from at week-ends."

Other bombed towns, please note.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR,
Air Training Corps

DEAR SIR,—Directly your corps was formed, a Birmingham youth applied for entry. After a fortnight, he was told to report at a certain address.

There he waited two and a half hours in a cold corridor, after which he was told to come back a week later.

He and his friends did so—to wait another three hours before being informed that they may hear within two or three weeks of the date when they can join!

As nothing blunts youthful enthusiasm more easily than delay, I recommend you to hustle your local officers.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER,
War Office

DEAR SIR,—Now that winter is ending, no doubt your khaki dormice will soon be stirring from their long slumber.

When they are fully awake, perhaps you will get them to attend first to the Kent man who, invalided from the Army, has been waiting since last October for £20 arrears of pay.

Thanking you in anticipation!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF A.R.P. OFFICER,
Oxford

DEAR SIR,—A schoolgirl stood in a queue for nearly three hours outside your gas-mask repair depot, then was turned away because she couldn't pay for a one-and-sixpenny repair.

Cold and hungry, faced with a three-mile walk in the black-out, she burst into tears.

I'm sure you will agree that such unfortunate little scenes could be prevented.—JOHN BULL.

MAJOR G. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.,
Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—**At last I can endorse without qualification a decision of your Ministry:**

Shopkeepers can refuse rations to people who won't pay their bills.

That is elementary justice in these days when many small traders, hit by official restrictions and the loss of customers, are struggling to stave off bankruptcy.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal GOERING,
Still at Large

HERMANN,—I am surprised you are still training young Nazis for gold-mining and cattle-raising.

It should be clear even to so stout-headed a man as yourself that there is now a serious obstacle to your old plan to conquer South Africa.

General Wavell, of course.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER, M.P.,
Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Naming Fifth Columnists and Gestapo agents in the occupied countries and inviting listeners to show their disapproval of these traitors is the most forceful development so far in our foreign broadcasts.

While congratulating you, let me add a suggestion.

Day by day, bluntly and openly, encourage our friends in Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Norway to hinder enemy transport, slow down factory production, and thus hasten their deliverance.—JOHN BULL.

Maj.-Gen. T. EASTWOOD,
Inspector-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—**One platoon you should inspect at once comprises about seventy factory workers.**

Their only drill, held last July and again at Christmas, was with broomsticks instead of rifles.

Many have never fired a rifle in their lives. They have five steel helmets between the seventy of them.

No, this forgotten squad is not stationed in the remote countryside, but very near London!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Your plans for a new industrial army are still being obstructed.

A woman who has not lost a day's work through sickness for six years is barred from a Government training centre because she is "too old" at forty-six.

Another, volunteering for war work, is informed that although her present job is unessential, she cannot register at the exchange without her employer's permission.

I cannot believe that you will allow tomfool regulations to defeat your Wake-Up Britain policy!—JOHN BULL.

CITY COUNCIL,
Portsmouth

GENTLEMEN,—**You must indeed be purblind if you can't realise that we who are fighting oppression abroad cannot permit intolerance at home.**

The Minister of Health has rightly refused to sanction your dismissal of a relieving officer who registered as a conscientious objector and is now in the Pioneer Corps.

That your injustice was first opposed by a Labour Member who lost an arm in the last war is an even better comment on your misguided attempt at victimisation.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal CARROD,
Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—**Among recruits called up at a Welsh R.A.F. depot were men from such diverse places as Cornwall and Carlisle.**

They were sent home next day to await further orders, the State paying their fares and compensation for three days' loss of work.

A private firm adopting these methods would soon be "broke."—JOHN BULL.

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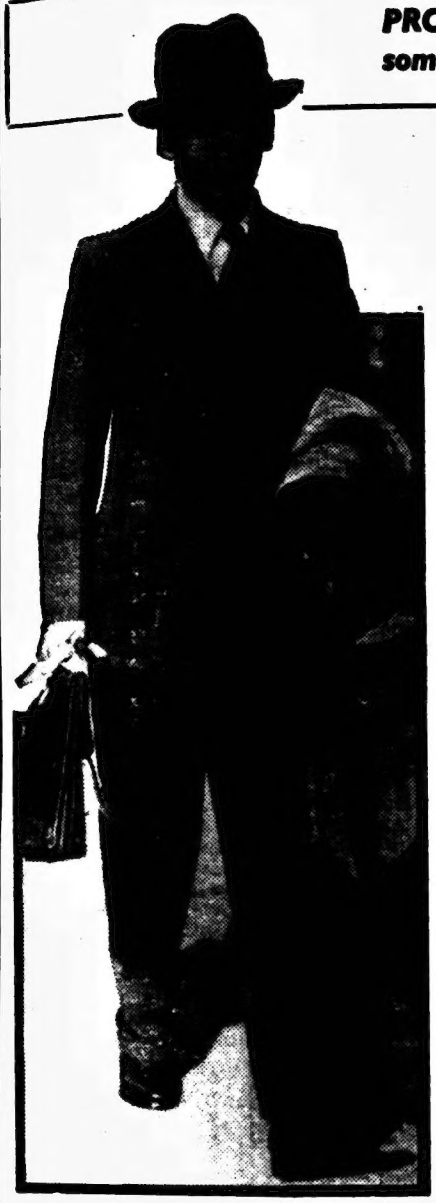
PROFESSOR FREDERICK WOLFF OGILVIE, veteran of the last war, proved that he was something more than a quiescent scholar when the B.B.C. had to fight for its independence

B.B.C.'s OWN WAR



EVEN though twenty-two studios in Broadcasting House have either been burned or washed out by "enemy action," not all the trouble behind the scenes at the B.B.C. has been caused by bombs.

Some of it has been caused by Big Shots.

They can make just as much of a noise, and cause as big an upheaval, as a bomb!

When Sir John (now Lord) Reith was at the helm few dared argue with him.

When some M.P.s criticised dictatorial methods at the B.B.C. he went to a meeting of Members of the House of Commons to make a praiseworthy speech defending his organisation.

When Reith left, Prof. Frederick Wolff Ogilvie took his place.

Because Mr. Ogilvie was a Professor, a Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, Belfast, some people thought he would be more at home with his Classics and in the Athenæum than in the chromium-plated courts of the B.B.C.

A Bitter Fight

A certain section of the Government did not consider Mr. Ogilvie "tough" enough to withstand their onslaught. And the creation of a Ministry of Information gave them their chance.

Behind the scenes at Broadcasting House a bitter, often personal, fight was going on for the B.B.C.'s independence.

And the B.B.C. won.

Ogilvie proved too tough for the intriguers.

A hint of this "war" was given in the House of Lords.

Viscount Elibank asked whether the Government was satisfied with the integrity of every individual employed by the B.B.C.

"All my information goes to show," he declared, "that the B.B.C. has a number of employees who should not now be part of the establishment."

There were, he affirmed, British people with German wives; there were Communists, Pacifists, and even a conscientious objector.

"The Director-General," said Elibank, "is, I believe, a man who in the last war was as brave as any man could have been. But I understand that after the war he took on a different mind, perhaps as a result of what he suffered, and became a pacifist." (Prof. Ogilvie has only one hand, but was formerly an accomplished pianist.)

"He caused quite a stir a few years ago in Belfast when he banned the participation of the University O.T.C. in the Armistice Day ceremony."

At once people rose in Ogilvie's defence.

The Marquis of Londonderry explained that Mr. Ogilvie had merely been anxious that the Armistice service should be a University service, not a military ceremony.

Lord Salisbury heatedly pointed out that Ogilvie fought for his country abroad, and lost his left hand through a wound.

"I have his authority absolutely to deny that he is a pacifist," he added.

But the war had been started.

Achieved his Object

Viscount Elibank announced that he had the greatest pleasure in withdrawing what he had said about Prof. Ogilvie.

The "war" was not of his making.

He was satisfied to have revealed that the proportion of aliens on the staff was about 5 per cent.; that Germans and Austrians totalled one-seventh of aliens employed.

In four or five doubtful cases there had been "sackings."

But critics in the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Information jumped at this chance.

It was hinted the B.B.C. was not being properly run.

The Radio propaganda lacked bite, they said.

Reports of sweeping changes "leaked" into the Press.

Who would replace Ogilvie?

Sir Walter Monckton, at that time Deputy Director-General of the Ministry of Information, was tipped for the job.

The report was not contradicted.

That would have meant absolute control of the B.B.C. by the Ministry of Information.

One of the bosses of the Ministry told Ogilvie in firm terms that he disapproved of much that was being done, especially the increasing intimacy between broadcasters and listeners.

He didn't like announcers reading out their names, or being so cheery.

Then, all in one week, the crisis came.

The Ministry official resigned, for reasons not connected with the B.B.C.

Simultaneously, all fantastic reports about possible B.B.C. "resignations" were denied.

They had been hot air.

One thing only had saved the B.B.C. from passing into absolute Government control.

That was a twenty-four-page bundle of papers neatly tied with coloured ribbon, bearing a great Seal, and dated January 1, 1937. It was the B.B.C.'s Charter!

★ Continuing his revelations of the B.B.C.'s war time secrets, a Radio ex-official tells the truth about the bid by covetous Government officials to muzzle the B.B.C. The war within Broadcasting House was won by a piece of paper.

The Ministry of Information had forgotten it.

Ogilvie had not.

The first Charter was drawn up in 1927, when the old British Broadcasting Company died, and the British Broadcasting Corporation took its place. The shareholders of the £100,000 authorised capital were paid off, and the B.B.C. established for ten years.

The Charter was renewed in 1937.

Not even war can change it.

By the terms of this new Charter, appointments and sackings at the B.B.C. can take place only by order of the B.B.C. Governors.

No Government Department can "pull strings."

On page seven, the Charter says "The Corporation shall appoint such officers as they may think necessary (including any Director-General) for the efficient transaction of their business. . . ."

The men who have championed the cause of British broadcasting freedom against all comers deserve commendation.

They are Sir Allan Powell and Capt. C. H. G. Millis.

Millions of listeners owe them a debt of gratitude.

At the outbreak of war there were seven B.B.C. Governors: Mr. R. C. Norman (brother of the Bank of England "king"), Capt. Millis, the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, Lady Bridgeman, Capt. Ian Fraser, J. J. Mallon and Miss Margery Fry.

As a war measure the number of Governors was reduced to two, to facilitate quick decisions.

Tact and Strength

Mr. Ogilvie assisted in this with considerable tact and strength—and Sir Allan Powell, former Mayor of Kensington, was appointed Chairman at £6,000 a year, and Capt. Millis, a well-known City financier, Vice-Chairman, at £1,000 a year.

Mr. Ogilvie is content to draw about £6,000, compared with Reith's £9,000.

Powell is virtually war time "boss" of the B.B.C.

Behind the scenes he has played a big part in directing British broadcasting during these critical days.

But few people even know his name.

George Allan Powell is his full name, but he never uses the "George."

A Londoner, he was educated at the famous Bancroft's School at Woodford, and became a barrister.

For some time during the last war he was Officer in Charge of the Refugees' Camp at Earl's Court, where they had 4,000 beds for soldiers and civilians of all nationalities.

It was such an interesting job he wrote a book about it ("Four Years in a Refugee Camp"), but it is doubtful whether he will write a book about his B.B.C. adventures during this war!

He has to deal firmly with many "difficult" officials, but that is not new to him.

For eight years he has been an official of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. And has written a book about the job—"The M.A.B. and Its Work!"

The B.B.C.'s Big Six under Ogilvie are: Sir Noel Ashbridge (engineering), B. T. Nicolls (programmes), Sir Stephen Tallents (overseas broadcasts and radio propaganda), T. Lochhead (B.B.C.'s business administration), and A. P. Ryan (home broadcasting and news).

And finally, Sir Cecil Graves, Deputy Director-General, who was so frequently tipped as Reith's successor, but refused the honour.

For many years the Controller of Programmes, Graves is a Sandhurst man, was taken prisoner in August, 1914, and soon after the end of the war came back to Britain to join the Secret Service and the Intelligence section of the War Office.

Managing the B.B.C.

Lochhead, injured in one of the raids on Broadcasting House, is a chartered accountant. A Glasgow man, he is now in charge of "Administration."

He was only twenty-eight when he became Chief Accountant at Broadcasting House; now, at forty-four, he has the tremendous responsibility of managing the whole business side of the B.B.C., handling the B.B.C.'s total yearly expenditure of more than £3,500,000.

"I suppose the B.B.C. is saving a lot of money now there are only the Home and Forces programmes," people say.

This is nonsense.

Overseas and Empire broadcasts go on as usual.

The B.B.C.'s "anti-Haw-Haw" programmes, in fact, occupy twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four—a complete B.B.C. programme that few people in Britain ever hear.

Also, the "Forces" is not given from only one transmitter, but often from two or three at once.

These transmitters have to be run as usual, and, although there are now no "Midland" or "Northern" regional programmes, the Birmingham and Manchester studios, as well as all the others, are in constant use for the Home or Forces "pool."

There is no saving.

A.R.P. and war measures, including renting new premises when the London B.B.C. was bombed, have jumped expenditure by more than £200 a week.

But as you are paying the B.B.C., you should know where the money goes.

Your ten-bobs go to pay the Alvar Liddells, the Jack Warners, the J. B. Priestleys and the whole crowd of unseen, unheard, loyal B.B.C. workers.

Out of each 10s. the Post Office takes about 10½d., to cover cost of collection.

The Treasury takes a direct tax of about 11d., and then the B.B.C. has to pay income tax as well.

So out of every 10s. only about 7s. 9d. now reaches the B.B.C. to run the programmes.

From such publications as the *Radio Times* they make between £350,000 and £500,000—a fantastic profit, because these magazines enjoy privileges denied to other publishers.

"This money is devoted entirely to the needs of the broadcasting service," apologises the B.B.C.

All their eggs in one basket? Yes, but that was in peace-time. There's no chance of housewives seeing such a sight as this again until the end of the war

ANSWER TO A MYSTERY

By J. Hunt Crowley

(A Food Expert)

BRITAIN before the war was producing two eggs at home for every one brought from overseas.

Our egg producers provided enough eggs to give two a week to every person in the country.

Actually, we ate about three a head a week before the war.

To-day housewives talk in hushed tones of getting two eggs or three in the family shopping.

When Denmark, Poland, Holland and Belgium were overrun, more than half of our imports were lost to us.

Because of shortages of feeding stuffs since the war, British egg production has declined, and it will decline until we will be glad to have an egg each every week.

Not all the eggs produced are sold through the shops.

Six hundred and fifty thousand small poultry keepers in the country have more than ten million hens in gardens and backyards, and the authorities, with these figures fresh from the recent census, are wondering whether there are not half as many more again as yet undiscovered.

These people consume a substantial proportion of their output, so that the number of eggs that becomes available through the shops is fewer than statistics of production would indicate.

Price control increased sales "on the doorstep."

So the Ministry of Food started its scheme of better prices for graded eggs, which passed through licensed packing stations.

Increased Costs

The housewife is paying 70 per cent. more for her eggs now than she did pre-war. On the other hand, poultry keepers claim that these continued reductions are unjustified. They point to increases in costs.

The average poultry keeper points out that his feeding stuffs have increased in price, that his labour costs have increased, his overhead expenses for replacements and depreciation of plant become more costly.

Major Gwilym Lloyd George, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, has said that in creating maximum prices account was taken of these increased costs.

Producers grumble that prices have been lowered without giving them that opportunity of "cashing in."

The Ministry of Food has made it clear that it does not intend to allow any producer to benefit from high prices for such scarce foodstuffs as eggs.

All it intends is to see that a margin is allowed to the poultry keeper for his trouble and work.

With that in mind, the Ministry of Food is aiming at giving the poultry producer a return over the year rather than a high profit at one time, and possibly a loss at another.

Gradual Fall

It is flattening out essential price differences.

In planning how this war was to be run, the Government decreed that priority was to be given to the production of milk, beef and mutton, and the pigs and poultry should come last in any division of feeding stuffs.

Poultry-keepers were warned early last year that they could not look forward to any more than one-third of the imported feeding stuffs that they had before the war.

Many of them heeded the warning.

Others did not.

But even those who made arrangements to grow feeding stuffs for themselves think that they have been hardly dealt with.

Contention by most is that it is cheaper and better to import grain than to import eggs.

The problem is not so simple.

Eggs and grain must face the U-boat peril, and men who have not become almost independent of imported feeding stuffs might find themselves in grave peril were things to take a turn for the worse on the sea.

They might see their poultry starve to death.

Poultrymen are no more exempt from the risk of being political war time casualties than other people, such as thousands of greengrocers who are being put out of business and closing down their shops because of the ban on fruit imports.

The future of the egg industry in war time depends on the ingenuity of the small man who makes silage from grass, who seeks every alternative feeding stuff not at present used.

Even lupin seeds from the cottage garden must be saved as livestock feed.

THAT'S THEIR WORRY

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

AS a race, we British are singularly conservative and distrustful. You can't imagine any big percentage of us rushing along at once to some organisation created to help us.

You can't conceive that many of us would notice the existence of any such organisation until it had been functioning for years.

That makes all the more remarkable the success of the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, opened to the number of a thousand all over the kingdom, to deal with the war time problems of the public.

More than one in a hundred of the populations they serve are taking their war time difficulties along to those bureaux *every month*.

Then the Labour Party and various municipal authorities have organised similar agencies.

Librarians, clergymen, J.P.s, "poor men's lawyers" and others are being worried to death by such questionings.

JOHN BULL receives hundreds such war time problems from readers by *every post*, and even though two of the answers enquiries staff were killed and one injured by "enemy action," we welcome more such questions.

Having spent a week among the people who deal with these multitudinous problems, I realise what perplexing, bewildering days these war days are for everybody.

But I can realise something more.

I may as well present it here and now as a summary of my conclusions.

I have gauged public morale.

A Hitler speech full of cut-throat threats as to what he is going to do to us doesn't quicken the pulse of British people to the slightest extent.

In fact, the greatest fear of the British public at the height of the biggest war in British history is centred round the question, "Shall I be able to pay my way?"

I offer that fact to the Government.

Endless Royal Commissions might sit and find out nothing so important.

They do not bother about wages in war time—as long as those wages enable them to keep their heads high.

They do not sigh for luxuries. Any peace time desire to "cut a dash" they have put from them for the duration.

British decency, British self-respect, is at the bottom of the majority of problems and fears of the people of these isles.

To begin with, Problem No. 1 can be summarised as: "How can I pay my rent?"

Now, notice the framing of that question. It expresses an intense, fervid desire to pay.

And it is true that 98 per cent. of the people who come forward with rent problems have no wish to enter into any temporary war time arrangement for putting off or paying merely part of their rent.

They want to know how they can pay the landlord in full, and then walk about with their heads held high.

Problem No. 2 is much the same: "How shall I pay the building society?"

Any statement to the effect that they can withhold certain payments, but make up arrears by paying over a longer period, gives them little happiness.

For years these people have looked forward to the day—say it is in 1951—when the last payment will go rattling into the coffers of the building society concerned.

They hate the idea of deferring the day when they will look at their little house and garden and say: "It is mine—every brick, every square yard."

Problem No. 3, yet again, centres round Respectability: "What shall I do about my hire-purchase payments?"

Some of the more unscrupulous firms are trying the most disgraceful expedients in an effort to get either the money or the goods.

They fake summonses.

They pretend, in blustering letters, that there is no such thing as special war time legislation to protect people whose circumstances have been changed by the war.

They even quote laws that do not exist on the Statute Book, which exist nowhere outside their own imaginations.

They do this because millions of wives and mothers who have seen husbands and sons go into the Army have given up, for the time being, the people they have always leaned on for advice.

But many of the women seek advice.

They learn that the threats employed are all gibberish, nonsense.

Even the sense of British Respectability is discarded in that bitter hour.

They no longer seek to know how they can pay.

They want to know what is the least they can pay.

And, because news travels round the many good hire-purchase firms are made to suffer by the evil few.

You may not realise it, but Parliament has given us well over a hundred Acts of Parliament since war broke out—conferring, roughly, a thousand new problems.

The Citizens' Advice Bureaux, I noticed, work under the Sign of the Owl—and such a wise old owl.

But it will have to grow wiser, I am afraid, as the war goes on.

Similar Problems

Bigger men have bigger problems, but they are similar.

They must keep in mind that the tendency in Government circles is to help along the small man with half a dozen hens, who can feed his own family with his produce, and can supplement his small allowance of feeding stuffs with waste and garden-grown food.

The bigger man must campaign for increased facilities to use the greater amounts of waste going begging in the towns.

The housewife must visualise that next winter there will probably be but one egg per fortnight per ration book.

Her chance will come this Spring, when she may be able to pickle a few eggs, even if only two or three dozen, for next winter.

Ruthlessness is Their Password

Inspecting German forces in occupied France, Wilhelm von Keitel plays "Yes man" to ex-Corporal Hitler. Nazi war minister in rank, if not in name, this tall, slender, unapproachable aristocrat of the worst Prussian type, is an ideal German military leader. As taciturn as his idol, notorious Count von Moltke, who reorganised the Prussian army and was nicknamed "The Silent," he is proud of his reputation for utter brutality.

MEET some of Hitler's cruelty experts. Their names may be in the news again soon.

MANFRED VON BRAUCHITSCH, 59-year-old Commander-in-Chief, won over to the Nazi cause three years ago by Hitler's eloquence in pleading for arms for his storm troops, has devoted his life to a war against Russia. He has no hobbies, no sense of humour.

GERD VON RUNDSTEDT, 64-year-old Commander of Occupied France, acquired his reputation for ruthlessness by shooting down workers, Nazis and Communists alike, in Berlin riots. Slim, ascetic, unpleasant to everybody, he retired in 1938, but was needed by Hitler to crush Poland.

WILHELM VON LIST, in charge of Balkan operations, known to "march over the dead" when the living will not make room, was a secret Nazi before 1933. Has studied mountain warfare, will lead infantry in country that is too rough for Hitler's tanks. Shot women and children to block roads in Poland: executed Austrian patriots.

JOHANNES VON BLASKOWITZ, 56-year-old "conqueror" of Czechoslovakia, ex-military governor of Warsaw, is a stiff, ardent militarist, but less Nazified than most of his colleagues. Now with List in the Balkans.

WALTER VON REICHENAU, probably chosen as Hitler's invasion general, is a ruthless opportunist, a monocled Junker. Because he was the first Reichswehr officer to give the Nazi salute, Hitler provoked a war office sensation by trying to make him commander-in-chief.

FEDOR VON BOCK, a 58-year-old Baltic Baron, thin-featured, cold, commanded Nazi troops entering Austria, was a cavalry expert in the last war. Now a mechanisation expert.

ERWIN VON WITZLEBEN, 60-year-old field-marshal, waits for the invasion of Britain. An old hand at German war games.

GUENTER VON KLUGE, another 60-year-old. Hated by his troops, he is unsympathetic, a rigid disciplinarian, an expert on communications. Not even Hitler likes him, but says "that man is efficient and always blindly obedient."

WALTER JESCHONECK, forty-year-old commander of the *Luftwaffe*, was shot down by a British fighter when a young pilot in the last war.

FIELD-MARSHAL KESSERLING, a major-general of the German Air Force in the last war, commands Nazi squadrons now flying against Britain, was responsible for the infantry-air force co-operation that stunned the French.

FLIGHT-GENERAL UDET, a stunt pilot known the world over, has never failed to criticise Nazi bosses, but his prestige among German pilots is such that Goering dare not "remove" him.

ADMIRAL DOENITZ, commander of the U-boats, is Hitler's favourite naval man. Grey and fifty-ish, he was a U-boat captain in the last war, stuck to the service and is still noted for his cruel methods.

ADMIRAL CARLS, bearded, fifty, quiet, pipe-smoking, now plans surface raider campaigns. Took to the water when his flagship was sunk by British guns off Norway. He swam ashore.

ADMIRAL RAEDER—probably loaned to Italy; probably in disgrace!

THREE WAYS OF BEATING NAZIS

War against Germany has not yet begun! We have yet to fight Hitler with his own weapons. We have not yet enlisted the aid of his own anti-Nazi people. Now, at last, let us wage war in Germany itself—by radio, parachute troops, sabotage and strikes—and so shock our way to Victory!

WE shall not win by remaining on the defensive, as a Government Minister has reminded us.

It is not enough to pound the Italian Empire to dust.

We must meet and beat the Nazis.

We must beat them, not in the Balkans, but in Germany.

Mr. Churchill hints at a great British offensive this year, next year, or in 1944. But why wait for our armies to start rolling towards Berlin?

There are three ways in which we can launch a big push NOW.

So declares a German critic, Sebastian Haffner.

His family were Prussian civil servants. Hitlerism drove him to Britain. Though twice interned here, he is resolved to work for British victory.

Haffner urges us to use a weapon that has brought unexampled success to Hitler, but against which Hitler is himself more vulnerable than the feeblest of his foes.

Crush Germany's will-to-fight, and Hitler "is crippled just as surely as if his war industry and war machine were smashed."

It can be crushed.

As Haffner points out, there is a profound defeatism in the German character that Britain cannot understand.

German literature is imbued with this pessimism. German history sustained it.

Century after century, the German race has enacted a gloomy, real-life drama that never changes.

Conquest of foreign "living space."

Victories and triumphs. Then the turn of the tide. Sudden collapse and disaster.

That is why the Germans accepted their victories last year in despondency.

That is why, Nazis and non-Nazis, they "feel the certainty of impending disaster."

Britain must make their certainty more certain.

We must increase their fears. We must sap their resistance by undermining their morale.

That is our first weapon—Shock.

OUR second—Hope.

Germans cannot see any alternative to the tyranny of Hitlerism except foreign domination.

Britain can offer them an alternative.

A clear statement of our war aims would win millions from their dumb allegiance to Hitlerism.

So Haffner urges us to inspire his fellow-countrymen with the hope of a true Commonwealth of Nations for all Europe, backed by a single and international armed force governed by Britain.

Both these methods—Shock and Hope—can be combined in our use of a single weapon

That weapon is Propaganda.

Hitherto it has been disdained by our statesmen and blunted by junior officials of the Ministry of Information.

Now we should build a dozen powerful radio stations. "England needs them as urgently as battleships and aeroplanes."

Our present stations are too weak. They are swamped by the noisy Nazi mouthpieces of Dr. Goebbels.

And directly the Nazi stations are forced to close down by the R.A.F., Britain should occupy their wave-lengths to inspire Germans with the vision of a real New Order!

Other methods suggested by Haffner are the distribution of illegal newspapers throughout the Reich, the dropping of leaflets reserved for important news, and the smuggling of political books.

HIS last weapon is the most startling—Revolution in Germany.

"No victory is possible before a large section of the people have in their minds already gone over to Britain's side, and are aiding the British Forces through strikes, sabotage, desertion or even open revolt."

Therefore, he argues, a Free German force should be raised in London.

Instead of wasting them in the Pioneer Corps, we should recruit young and daring anti-German refugees to take their revenge on the Gestapo and S.S. guards.

A corps of ten or twenty thousand adventurers, trained to land by parachute, would be charged to blow up Gestapo offices, and thus strike at the nerve centres of Himmler's terrorism.

Fantastic, many people will object.

But Hitler's conquest of Holland and the exploits of British parachutists in Italy have proved the fantastic nature of this war.

Haffner's ideas, incorporated in *Offensive Against Germany* (Searchlight Books, 2s.), deserve particular attention because they are formed by a man who knows his subject better than any Briton can hope to do.

Even the Government, therefore, should heed his emphatic comment, "The real war of England against Germany has not yet begun."

Let us begin now!

WHEN WE MARCH IN

ON the occasion when British troops occupy a country, what will happen?

International military law emphasises the importance of not interfering with the civilian activities.

First of all, soldiers in possession of enemy country must realise that occupation does not necessarily mean subjugation

The enemy's ownership of the territory is only temporarily latent. And because the "conqueror's" powers are merely transitory he is asked to respect the private lives of the inhabitants.

He must, above all, restore order to occupied territory—and ensure public safety.

Civil and penal laws remain unchanged; so do the usual methods of administering them.

Courts must continue to handle all instances of crime that are not of a military nature.

Schools and universities carry on as usual as long as teachers refrain from indulging in references to politics.

Religious beliefs must be respected and churches allowed to keep open their doors for public worship.

If the clergy are paid by the State, their salaries should not be stopped. But the clerics must not mention politics.

The military may not enforce new taxes, but they can, if necessary, control or prohibit newspapers in the occupied territory and forbid the importation of Press matter from unoccupied country.

Local inhabitants can be called on to assist the paid police of the territory, to assist in extinguishing fires, or to help with the personal service of the Army of Occupation.

Surgeons, dentists, butchers, bakers, employees of the local gas company and sanitary inspectors are all liable to be called to attend to the needs of the soldiers.

All these persons are to be paid "good wages." There must be no enforced labour, unless it is essential.

But as long as their services are not needed by the military, they are allowed to go on with their usual method of making a living.

While the Army of Occupation is told to respect the lives and the property of the persons over whom it holds temporary control, respecting their religion, domestic peace and honour, the inhabitants are asked to behave as peacefully as possible.

If they don't, the military is empowered to change officials, replace anybody in authority who refuses to carry on with his normal duties.

It is according to these laws that the British Army occupies enemy country.

It would be futile to point out that even though this law should apply to all armies, the Germans don't seem to have heard about it.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

SICK-BED SLAVEYS

DURING the last three months of last year eleven thousand nurses left their profession to do more remunerative war work.

Yet when the Minister of Health asked for a thousand trained women to nurse victims of tuberculosis and infectious diseases, only a third of that number volunteered.

Professional magazines carry columns and columns of advertisements offering jobs to nurses.

Hospital managements in Wales have even gone so far as to suggest "conscription" as the only way of overcoming the shortage, according to short-sighted officials.

Brave, cool in emergency and always sympathetic, the nurse should be among the most honoured women of the land

Called from Reserve

Meantime, there are not enough nurses to attend the 50,000 beds of the emergency hospitals built since 1939, and 14,000 trained nurses have been called from the civil nursing reserve.

It has not been difficult to find out why nurses are not eager to go on striving in a profession that should offer them so much!

They are underpaid, underfed, overworked, and frequently treated as slaves by hard, dictatorial matrons.

Bullied during their incredibly long working hours, many nurses have been forbidden to wear high-heeled shoes when off duty, to smoke in their own rooms, and to attend local dances.

Trained nurses should be paid £60 a year when granted their certificates after four years' study. They start their professional careers at £30.

Yet war time auxiliary nurses, with only sixty hours' training to their credit, are paid £90 a year.

Thirty pounds more for avoiding four years' hard work in hospital wards!

Girls are not willing to start work at £30, so that they may earn £60 at the end of four years, when they can get £90 by merely becoming an "auxiliary" nurse.

Lancashire County Council offers its qualified nurses £50 a year; Brighton wants ward sisters, who must be State Registered Nurses and Certified Midwives, for £90; and in some instances deputy-sisters, who must accept operating-theatre responsibilities, receive £65.

Inhuman Authorities

Nurses complain bitterly of poor food, of unheated rooms, and of the appalling inhumanity of the authorities.

Now the State is virtually subsidising all hospitals, some effort should be made to enrol nurses as Civil Servants, offering them fair wages, good hours and adequate food.

They are far more necessary than many other Civil Servants, and they should be honoured for their great work of mercy.

They should also be given a higher social status.

In the United States, where nurses are appreciated, they have the same status as medical students. And they undergo long years of arduous training in the knowledge that they will always belong to an honoured calling.

Meantime, Britain's nursing profession, now being starved, can be restored as a national institution only by offering recruits good pay, good living conditions, more freedom and opportunities for entertainment, a better social status and a comfortable retirement.

Sleeping Beauties

● *Most of the girl clerks here spend 90 per cent. of their time reading novels, says a woman Civil Servant employed by a Government Department at a seaside hotel.*

● *I took a few days off to visit my wife who has been evacuated to the Midlands, but nobody noticed that I was away, adds another Civil Servant employed on special Government work.*

● *Somewhere in the depths of Whitehall there is a business efficiency expert. He was last seen in December when told to investigate muddle for the Government.*

● *Yet 30,000 men have been released from the Forces for the Civil Service since the outbreak of war.*

SUCH instances as these indicate that even the cataclysm of war can't shift the Civil Service chiefs from their traditional lethargy.

Presumably it takes more than the worst possible social upheaval to change a routine created by generations of Whitehall scriveners.

For years they have been fair game for music-hall comedians, who could always raise a laugh, even from Civil Servants, by mimicking Whitehall-passed-to-you-please method of losing documents and wasting time.

But you'd think the joke rather inappropriate at a time of crisis. The Prime Minister has pleaded that only short cuts should be taken to achieve victory, but Whitehall didn't listen.

You'd think the heads of the Civil Service would realise that when Mr. Churchill suggested a return to straightforward non-official English in Whitehall correspondence he was advocating time-saving methods all round.

But there has been no change.

They didn't even listen to appeals from minor Civil Servants that the system should be altered.

Whitehall still works slowly and mysteriously, its wonders to perform.

While important documents stagnate in official-looking baskets on official-looking desks, eager clerks are gradually losing their enthusiasm in idleness.

Vital Government work is delayed in these bottlenecks because conservative Civil Servants refuse to grant responsibility to younger members.

Clerks transferred from commercial firms to Government Departments for war work are astonished by the muddle, slackness and indifference of their superiors.

"The majority of us," said a temporary Civil Servant to a "John Bull" man "were first astonished, then dismayed, and finally disgusted.

"Hours dragged by without our doing anything. We were bored stiff."

Another young woman added, "I can truthfully say that on no day last week did I do more than two hours' work."

If there were no work to be done it would be different. But Mr. Bevin, sorely troubled by the man-power problem, urges every man and woman to get busy and keep busy; and every responsible Minister reiterates his words.

Well, Government Departments should show the way.

It would be a pleasure to be able to telephone a Government Department, ask for a certain official and be put through to him direct without having to make the request half a dozen times. It would be a relief to know even that Whitehall knew where its officials had their offices.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. H. V. Rowley, Chester Road, Audley, Staffs, has been awarded this week's guinea. Information she forwarded about a despicable swindle was most helpful.

Letters from readers on any subject are welcomed.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

NEW TRAPS FOR RENT SCROOGES

THE Judge at Clerkenwell County Court (London) a few days ago looked down with surprise at the defendant.

"You say that, after being bombed out, you evacuated your wife to the country, where she has to pay 35s. for one room without food? And the rent of the whole house is only 12s. 6d. a week?"

When convinced that this was so, the judge asked whether the matter had been reported to the local authorities.

"Yes, but nothing was done about it!" came the instant reply.

* * *

In many similar instances complaints to local authorities are made in vain, and indignant evacuees and their relatives are constantly complaining of the rent ramp.

Evacuated to a wooden bungalow in a Welsh village miles from anywhere, two families are paying £3 a week for meagre accommodation and the barest of drab furniture.

Three families from a London bombed area, occupying two rooms each, have been paying £10 for a house that must be yielding its owner something like 800 per cent. profit.

Other bombed-out evacuees had to pay £6 for a few rooms in Oxfordshire. Two-roomed cottages, let until recently at 10s. a week, are rented now at £3 weekly, sometimes £2 10s.

Small working-class houses in South Devon, normally let at from 7s. to 10s. a week, have been sub-let to evacuees at 30s. a week.

No wonder Town Clerks and officials of the Ministry of Health are now waging war against such profiteers.

* * *

While there are several methods by which authorities can take action against offenders, it is generally agreed that a revision of existing law is necessary.

That is why the Ministry of Health is now urging councils to investigate every serious instance so that a decision can be made as to what powers should be introduced.

£2,500 Confiscated in Raffle Raid

PERSONS in all parts of the country, asked to sell sixpenny tickets in a stupendous "raffle" to "provide comforts for soldiers, sailors and airmen," wrote to me asking whether they were justified in making the collection.

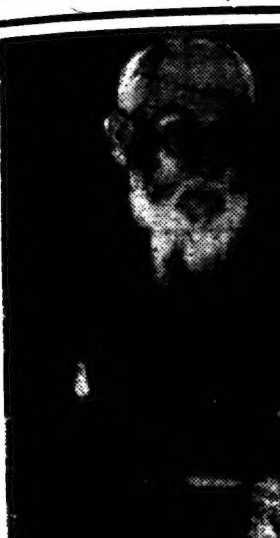
They were suspicious because the "Appeals Secretary," J. E. Ashley, of North End Road, London, N.W.11, was sending books of tickets to all and sundry, asking each helper to deduct half a crown from the money collected for each book and to send the balance to him.

His organisation offered attractive prizes, and I realised, when warning my readers not to participate, that thousands of pounds might quite easily pass into his hands.

Official action has now been taken, and J. E. Ashley was prosecuted with two other men for being concerned in an illegal lottery.

When Ashley's premises were raided, the police seized £2,500. This money was confiscated, and Ashley was fined £200 and costs.

This should be a warning to other "lottery" experts with so-called charitable motives.



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Japanese "merchants," South America for scrap-iron mate talks with German air whose flights carry them Panama Canal Zone and A fence preparations.

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Japanese pearl-fishers Northern Australian aborigi with gifts of tobacco.

There is no meeting-plac from the camel drivers' Persia to the raw hide Afghanistan, where Japanes not at work.

And behind the immense espionage is Mitsuru Toy Toad of Kyushu," a fighting-

Smooth-voiced Japanes

TRAPS RENT OGES

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From his little wooden hut, Hermit Mitsuru Toyama directs a world-wide organisation of fighting-mad fanatics. Yet he eats only grass and leaves.

WHO PAID KILLER?

★ *This is the inside story of the murder of the German Staff Officer, Major Doehring, in Bucharest; a story based on an intimate knowledge of the events and persons concerned; a story that reveals in startling clarity the state of mind now dominating the German Army*

DOEHRING, a major of the German General Staff, was having coffee in a large Bucharest café on a sunny afternoon. At the next table, Dimitri Sarando, a Rumanian of Greek origin, watched him closely, then provoked a quarrel.

The Major walked away, hoping to avoid an unpleasant scene.

Sarando followed, and when the Major arrived at the entrance of his hotel, picked the quarrel anew.

When the exasperated Major called the police, Sarando drew a revolver, and fired.

The Major died instantly.

Sensation in German-occupied Bucharest.

A German staff officer murdered? Incredible!

Everybody suspected a political mystery.

But Dr Goebbels' propaganda machine got busy.

"Merely" the outcome of a personal quarrel," declared the German radio.

"Merely the outcome of a personal quarrel," obediently repeated the official German News Agency.

But rumours could not be silenced.

The next day Dr. Goebbels dished up a new setting.

"The murder was instigated by British agents," he said.

This was an old fairy tale. It was too stupid to be believed, and after it had been issued Dr. Goebbels decided to wrap himself in silence.

Adjutant of Fritsch

It would indeed be unpleasant for the Nazi hierarchy if the world were to pay too much attention to this "little incident."

It might, perhaps, become generally known that Major Doehring had been personal adjutant of General von Fritsch the former German C.-in-C.

General von Fritsch was murdered during the Polish campaign in September, 1939, after being deprived of his command in 1938.

Major Doehring, as well as his former chief, General von Fritsch, belonged to a group of German officers who mistrusted Nazi political development.

They foresaw another war in which Germany was bound to be the loser.

In their opinion, the "unity of the German people" was only a façade created by Nazis to deceive the world.

When Hitler decided to invade Austria, General von Fritsch and his friends appealed in vain.

Hitler sacked them all, and the pro-Nazi generals, Keitel and von Brauschitsch, took command of the German Army.

But the "Gestapo" watched the so-called Fritsch clique, in the true Gestapo manner.

Major Doehring, Fritsch's personal adjutant was asked to join the staff of General von List in 1936.

General von List, creator of Germany's famous *panzer* divisions, was a lieutenant-colonel when Hitler took office.

But he was a good Nazi.

No wonder that he was appointed major-general and finally general in quick succession.

He was impressed by some lectures on mechanised warfare that Major Doehring gave at the "Academy for the *panzer* troops" in Wünsdorf, near Berlin, and he asked the Major to join him in his efforts to create a powerful German *panzer* force.

Major Doehring agreed, though he knew that his new chief was a strong Nazi sympathiser.

The "Panzer Fool"

German *panzer* forces were rapidly developed, and their value was much discussed in German Army circles.

"You are a complete fool—a *panzer* fool," said the stubborn Prussian General Wetzell one day after a lecture by General von List at the Berlin "Society for Science of Warfare."

Von List was upset, and next morning he challenged General Wetzell to a duel.

When he heard of the incident, Major Doehring intervened.

General Wetzell was an old friend, and he succeeded in settling the matter peacefully.

In doing so he saved his chief a lot of trouble.

General Wetzell is known in the German Army as an excellent fighter.

Maybe this was the reason why Major Doehring escaped the purge in September, 1939, when all former friends of General von Fritsch were arrested, and sixteen of them, mostly officers of higher ranks, were shot in the first week of the war.

It was the biggest "purge" to which the German Army was ever subject.

General von Fritsch himself was shot by two SS-men in the third week of September.

The Gestapo said he was "killed in action."

Nobody believed it.

But there were many who openly mentioned the murderer's name.

Awaiting the Summons

You can imagine how Major Doehring felt.

He no doubt expected to be called to the Gestapo headquarters, in the Prince Albrechtstrasse, in Berlin.

General von List saved him by claiming him as a valuable expert.

After breaking through at Sedan with his *panzer* divisions, thus causing the collapse of France, General von List was ordered to Berlin to be shown the evidence against Major Doehring.

There was no longer any doubt that Major Doehring had been in close touch with General von Fritsch, and all the arrested or executed officers of the Fritsch group.

General von List shrugged his shoulders and said no more.

His silence meant death for Major Doehring.

When at the beginning of this year news came from the Balkans that General von List had taken command of the German troops in Rumania, everybody knew that his *panzer* divisions would be with him.

Everybody who knows anything about the German Army asked whether Major Doehring was there as well.

The answer was given quickly.

The Major was murdered.

Murdered in a "personal quarrel."

Yet there is one question that the Nazis avoid.

In whose pay was the murderer?

The Nazis observe strict silence.

They may do so.

We know the answer!

The Toad of Kyushu

DUTCH airmen, flying from Java to Borneo, noticed a clearing, shaped suspiciously like a flying field, deep in Borneo's tropical forests.

They informed the authorities.

Burly Dutch security officials, trekking with Javanese porters to the spot, found that their trail really ended in the office of a Japanese timber merchant in Batavia.

Unable to explain why he worked so far inland when timber much nearer the coast was available, the merchant was expelled from the country.

That is the story they tell in the clubs of Singapore.

It indicates what is happening in every country to which Japanese are allowed free entry.

Japanese "merchants," "touring" South America for scrap-iron, have intimate talks with German air-line pilots, whose flights carry them over the Panama Canal Zone and American defence preparations.

Singapore's most recent espionage trial involved a Japanese official who had abused diplomatic privileges by attempting to obtain information about the fortress.

Japanese laundrymen are encouraging a Filipino independence movement in the United States Philippines Dependency.

* * *

Before Japanese aggression in Indo-China, myopic Japanese "students" toured the country with cameras, taking "innocent" photographs of the countryside.

Japanese pearl-fishers encourage Northern Australian aborigines to talk with gifts of tobacco.

There is no meeting-place in Asia, from the camel drivers' bivouac in Persia to the raw hide markets of Afghanistan, where Japanese agents are not at work.

And behind the immense network of espionage is Mitsuru Toyama, "The Toad of Kyushu," a fighting-mad fanatic.

Smooth-voiced Japanese Foreign Office spokesmen lisp about their peace aims while Japanese bombers land on airfields within flying distance of Singapore, and supply ships for Nazi raiders put out from Japanese ports.

Mitsuru Toyama is the answer to this anomaly.

Toyama, an old man with deep-set, burning eyes, a ragged white beard and an evil mind, is Japan's would-be dictator.

From his little wooden hut between Tokio and Yokohama he directs thousands of members of Japanese secret societies devoted to establishing Japanese hegemony over Asia.

* * *

More than 40 years ago sons of Japanese noblemen, finding themselves bankrupt through the industrialisation that destroyed the feudal caste, were employed by Toyama as terrorists.

Banded societies, they broke up political meetings.

Then Toyama thought a war would be a good thing for Japan.

He chose Russia.

Glancing at a map of Siberia he found that the Amur River, the boundary between Manchuria and Siberia, spelt "Black Dragon" in Chinese symbols.

So he created the "Black Dragon" society, which found work for unemployed noblemen, terrorists and ambitious Army officers.

Japan's success in the war with Russia made the Black Dragon Society a venerated national institution.

It has weathered all political storms, growing in power and begetting smaller similar societies.

And now Toyama can summon 10,000 youths to do his bidding—even if it be murder—by snapping his shrivelled fingers.

The mysterious explosion at Mukden that led "angry" Japanese soldiers to annex Manchukuo, was the work of Toyama's associate, mysterious Colonel Doihara, Japan's "Lawrence."

Toyama engineered the "incident" near the Marco Polo Bridge at Pekin that plunged Japan and China into a war that has cost Japan 100,000 and the Chinese nearer a million lives.

Seated on a bearskin in an unheated shack, Mitsuru Toyama schemes.

After the Emperor, "The Toad of Kyushu" is the most powerful man in Japan.

Prince Konoye, Japanese Premier, has a machine that will lower him and his bed into a bomb-proof steel vault at the flick of a switch.

Toyama's men have murdered five of his predecessors.

Toyama has tricked even the Japanese Parliament into Totalitarianism by forming the M.P.s into a voiceless Parliamentary club that leaves full power to the Cabinet.

Toyama, the wizened old man who made a fortune out of speculation, yet boasts that he can live on grass and leaves, is the enemy of Japan, if the Japanese but realised it.

STRAIGHT

When the King was welcomed in America by President Roosevelt another link was forged in the chain of kinship of the two great English-speaking communities. This time, says A.G.G., there must be no pause after victory. We must join hands to win for the world an indestructible civilised order

By A. G. GARDINER

A MOMENTOUS landmark of the war is reached. The passage of the Lease and Lend Bill at Washington marks the dedication of the whole English-speaking world to the destruction of Nazism.

It endows Roosevelt with powers never before conceded to a President of the United States.

To-day he stands shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Churchill charged by the overwhelming will of the American people with the duty of saving civilisation from the avalanche of barbarism that has engulfed Europe and threatens to engulf the world.

The fact that the United States is still not nominally "at war" is irrelevant.

IT IS IN THE WAR WITH ALL ITS RESOURCES, AND IT IS IN THE WAR ON OUR SIDE.

It is committed to a British victory, no matter at what costs, no matter how long it takes, no matter what the consequences to itself.

That is good enough for us. What it implies to Hitler and his jackal you may gather from their late speeches, which are overspread with the shadow of a great fear.

For if, fighting single-handed against a whole continent under the heel of Hitler, we have been able to stage such an astounding "come-back" as that which separates the days of Dunkirk from the situation to-day, what doubt can there be of the ultimate issue in the light of the immense fact that the whole arsenal of America is now at our back?

Consider first the moral effect of that fact upon the enemy. **The whole strategy of Hitler was based upon the calculation that he could eliminate the United States.**

His propaganda could so stoke the fires, the isolationism and anti-British feeling in America, that that country would be permanently immobilised.

Alternatively, his *blitzkrieg* programme would sweep Europe and knock out the British Empire before American help, even if it were forthcoming, could be of any use.

Both these calculations have gone wrong. They were shattered in that astonishing air battle over Dover last August and September, which upset the whole Hitler strategy.

It pricked the legend of his invincibility. It gave us time to recover. It gave the United States time to wake up to its own peril.

And now the greatest Commonwealths in the world stand embattled across the path of Hitler.

ALL THIS CONSTITUTES A MORAL DEFEAT FOR HIM MORE FORMIDABLE THAN MANY LOST BATTLES.

America is not eliminated. America is in the war, and with that fact the war enters on a new phase. What this means in terms of power needs no emphasis.

Between them the two English-speaking democracies control, directly or indirectly, not less than a third of the earth's surface and a third of its people. They command practically the whole credit left in the world.

THEY POSSESS THE TWO GREATEST POWER-HOUSES IN THE WORLD. THE INDUSTRIAL POTENTIALITY OF THE UNITED STATES ALONE IS EQUAL TO THE TOTAL CAPACITY OF EUROPE.

Together their supremacy at sea is overwhelming. Their command of the raw materials of war, especially of the vital commodities of petrol and oil, is inexhaustible.

Above all, they have the inspiration of the same ideal of human liberty, of a just, orderly and kindly world in which law shall reign and war as an instrument of policy shall be for ever outlawed.

IT is this community of spirit and purpose that gives the assurance of victory. Hitler, it is true, has the Continent at his mercy. From the Straits of Dover to the shores of the Black Sea his jack-boot is on the neck of the nations.

But he has encircled himself with enemies. There is not a people groaning under the heel of his Gestapo which does not hate him and pray for the hour of deliverance.

THE MOMENT THE FEAR OF HIS TERROR IS BROKEN HIS BARBARIC EMPIRE WILL COLLAPSE IN RUIN ABOUT HIM. HE WILL GO AS HIS JACKAL HAS ALREADY GONE.

For this is not a mere war of armies and ships and aeroplanes. It is a spiritual war for the soul of the world, and wherever the breath of freedom blows in the hearts of men we have our allies, ready when the moment is ripe to close in on the general enemy of mankind.

And now that the two English-speaking democracies are irrevocably in step that moment is assured and visibly nearer. It has been brought nearer by Hitler's last desperate gamble.

In his effort to neutralise America—having failed to eliminate her—he signalled to Japan to

An Ape-Man Takes Lessons

PSYCHOLOGY is one of those words often used loosely, and more often misapplied. There is in it a rich, high-sounding emphasis—a "five-dollar word," to quote our American friends.

Psychology is not a science.

It never will be. The mind of man is too unstable, too unfathomable, to be the subject of rules and formulæ.

Now, I am not a psychologist.

I have delved into Freud and Jung, Adler and Ellis, Nietzsche and McDougall. For my delving I got many a headache, was left floundering in the shallows of perplexity, and, much like old Omar, "come out by the same door as in I went."

But there must be something in this psychology.

We have industrial psychologists, sex psychologists, child psychologists—and, if all they claimed were true, no problem affecting life or marriage, work or leisure, is beyond solution.

The pick of the nineteenth-century German psychologists believed in the power of the superman, preached the doctrine that might is right.

* * *

And it seems that Adolf Hitler, Superman No. 1 in the eyes of his fanatical followers, has absorbed that doctrine and is playing it for all he is worth.

The attacks by Nazi armoured divisions on the little nations—attacks that almost obliterated them in a few days—showed that in German eyes no nation has any rights if such rights conflict with German interests.

Hitler began his war, psychologically speaking, correctly enough.

He bullied and threatened and intimidated, and to-day the might of his armed forces has transformed nearly the whole of Europe into a land of sub-human slaves.

The Nazi mind envisioned a France of weakness and corruption;

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

played on that France until she fell like a ripe, rotten plum into the German maw.

And then, planning the final conquest, Hitler, the psychologist, began to blunder in a way that revealed how half-baked he was and how ignorant his knowledge of the nation he was out to subdue.

The little ships of Britain taught him the first lesson at Dunkirk.

The young pilots of the R.A.F., clawing down his armadas from the sky, shook still more his idea of a weak, decadent Britain.

Then, to shatter finally the psychological theory that mass murder from the skies would send panic and dismay throughout Britain and would force her to capitulate, came the quiet, confident defiance of the Luftwaffe night-bombers.

Surely this will go down in history as the greatest psychological blunder ever made by a man who set out to dominate the world!

We don't need psychologists to tell us that we can take it.

We don't need text-books and theories to help us in our fight against the evil of Nazism.

* * *

Nor do we want to be told that when Berlin gets as big a dose, or bigger, of bombing as London has had, Jerry will whine and crumple up.

We don't know. All we do know is that we can stand it. We shall be only too delighted to learn whether the Hun can.

Psychology, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing.

It served Hitler well in the beginning; then it let him down.

The servant had misled the master.

When the ex-housepainter gets his last lesson in psychology he'll be in no fit state to appreciate its value.

ON!

hoist the storm-cone in the Pacific. That, he hoped, would give America cold feet.

But the result has been to complete the awakening of America. It has extinguished the last embers of isolationism and speeded up the passing of the Lease and Lend Bill.

If the war is extended to the Pacific, America will be there, and it will be Hitler's folly that has brought her officially as well as in fact into the ranks of his enemies.

In speculating on the downfall of Hitler, history will give much attention to his own crude blunders. They have been many.

There is his complete ignorance of the spirit of this country, his belief that the British Empire was a rope of sand that would disintegrate at the challenge of war, his silly notion that democracy was effete, his blindness to the importance of sea power, his reliance on ending the war with one avalanche of terror, his idea that air power could dominate the sea, and so on.

BUT perhaps the most fatal of his blunders will be held to be his belief that he could finish the war in Europe before the United States could play any effective part of it.

THE OTHER BLUNDERS HE MIGHT HAVE SURVIVED. THIS BLUNDER MAKES HIS ULTIMATE DEFEAT CERTAIN.

And it is not only because of its decisive bearing on the war that I call the events in America a momentous landmark. They have a significance that extends beyond the war to the great task of rebuilding the world structure on a basis that will make the recurrence of the horrors of to-day impossible.

In a book I wrote at the end of the last war, called "The Anglo-American Future," I sought to show that the British and American Commonwealth had it in their power to create a new civilisation.

I suggested, among other things, that they should dedicate their overwhelming sea power, under the League of Nations, to the outlawry of war. In the atmosphere of hope that prevailed then all things seemed possible.

But the hope vanished. France was intransigent. A bad peace was made. The United States deserted the League of Nations and reverted to isolation. Reaction leapt into the saddle.

Economic nationalism spread like a plague, and the world rushed on blindly to the Niagara in which it is plunged to-day.

All the millions who had perished in the Great War had perished in vain.

Some day—no one can say how soon—we shall be back at the Peace table. Is the same tale of failure to follow? Are the hopes of a new Armistice day to be wrecked as those of November 11, 1918, have been wrecked?

If not, we must act now. Again, as we may confidently hope, the power to make or mar the future of the world will lie with two English-speaking Commonwealths.

They have joined forces to-day to save the world from barbarism.

THEY MUST JOIN HANDS THEN TO WIN FOR THE WORLD AN INDESTRUCTIBLE CIVILISED ORDER.

They alone can win it. And if they pay heed to the dreadful warnings of the past they will decide now on the structure they mean to erect, and highly resolve that nothing shall come between them until they have "finished the job."

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY DELAY IN USING THE CANALS?

● The canal system of Britain dates back to a time when railway traffic was less general and the highways were in poor condition.

Rudimentary and slow, but cheap, it was conducted by people considered water gipsies—a class by themselves who lived aboard, each boat pulled by a horse on the towpath.

Gradually, because of competition, the canal system fell into neglect.

To-day we should be using every means of transport.

Now Frank Pick, former London transport chief, is placed in charge of the canals at a salary of £2,000 a year.

This is a good step, for, ineffective as he was at the Ministry of Information, he really knows traffic.

But even his appointment is likely to fail unless it fits in properly with control of all the other transport means.

ARE WE "ALL IN" YET?

● By no means. Take Finance.

Kingsley Wood, facing an annual war expenditure of at least £4,000,000,000, will not raise by his present Budget plans more than £1,500,000,000.

Then the War Savings scheme, and all the War Weapons Weeks and Spitfire Funds, however admirable, cannot mean more than another £1,000,000,000.

The gap—£1,500,000,000—means drastic cutting of expenditure on things not essential to war.

Then the all-important shipping losses cannot be faced unless the Ministry of Shipping has full powers.

At present the Admiralty is responsible for building and repairs.

Unloading at the docks is the job of the Ministry of Labour.

Moving goods from the docks comes under the Ministry of Transport.

The coal supplies are badly organised.

There is still confusion and lack of planning in almost every Whitehall Department.

We are still "muddling through."

AEROPLANES — BLESSING OR CURSE?

● Every move forward has its drawback. Every invention creates a problem, just as every reform results in a difficulty.

It is not the fault of the Wright Brothers, or our own aeroplane inventors, that Man has used the aeroplane as a war weapon. The inventor can merely invent, and leave his work in the hands of others.

Eventually the aeroplane will prove not a curse but a blessing.

More than anything else, it is annihilating distance, and, in the long end, the annihilation of distance will force people to solve the problems that divide them.

IS THE CIVIL SERVICE TO BLAME?

● Lord Perry launched, in the Lords, the most violent attack on the Civil Service that institution has ever known.

He made the mistake of indicting its personnel instead of concentrating his attack on the system.

Like most business men who go into Whitehall, he cannot understand that one-man methods, however admirable in business, cannot ride roughshod over thousands of officials, whose authority is limited by a thousand rules.

What should be attacked is not the Civil Service, but the Ministers who cannot use it.

Each Minister is personally responsible to Parliament for his Department.

If it is slow, he should speed it up. If it is inefficient, he should change his subordinates.

Lord Rhondda, when made Minister of Food in the last war, did this in a few days.

A wise Minister going from one Department to another takes his chief of staff with him, knowing that that official understands his methods and his mind.

That is why Winston, in the old days, always had Eddie Marsh with him.

That is also why Herbert Morrison has taken Sir George Gater, who was his Chief Clerk at County Hall, from the Ministry of Supply to the Home Office.

WILL "THINKING" HELP THE WAR?

● "Let us concentrate on thinking, when Big Ben strikes every night at 9 p.m., on the continued virility of the British Empire and how essential is its maintenance for peace and freedom," pleaded a Tory M.P. at Westminster.

Anyway, the British Empire died officially when, under the Statute of Westminster it became the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Thinking won't bring it back.

Besides, would Britishers on the other side of the globe wait up all night to "think in"?

What is the power of thought? I wonder.

Truth is that prayer must be transmuted into action; otherwise it is ineffective.

And the trouble is that the people who believe most in the power of thought become the least effective when they have ceased "thinking."

They remain content with wishing. The sensible ones get on with the job and say, "Prayer is work."

WHEN WILL "PEAK" BE REACHED?

● American arms supplies will become effective in September, says Sir Walter Citrine, just back from the States.

"We expect and desire that our contribution should be at its peak when it is most needed," says Robert Menzies, Premier of Australia.

All the experts seem to agree that not till next summer, at any rate, will peak production be reached overseas.

We have months yet to wait—months in which the U-boat menace will become greater.

It is, therefore, urgent that, instead of depending on help from across the ocean, every hour should be used at home to the fullest capacity.

In the words of Menzies, "If all of us decide that into each week we put a fortnight of effort, victory will come all the sooner."

MEN HAVE ALL THE LUCK!
NOW THAT THE CASHIER'S LEFT, SHALL I GET THAT JOB? NO, AND WHY? JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT A MAN!
THAT'S NOT THE REASON, JEAN YOU'D GET THAT JOB IF...WELL, IF ONLY YOU'D TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
BUT, JEAN! WHY SHOULD YOU PAY FOR MY LUNCH?
BECAUSE MY NEW JOB AS CASHIER FOR THE FIRM WANTS CELEBRATING, EDNA. THAT'S WHY!

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No boil—no toil

Our Home Page Correspondent tells how you can save time, energy, money and clothes, and get a brilliant wash into the bargain by a new washing method.

I USED to be a demon for boiling clothes. No whites would be whiter than mine if *I* could help it.

And then my husband's mother came to stay. We don't often see eye to eye about things. She's not young and she's by no means up-to-date in her outlook. And when she taxed me with being old-fashioned in my washing methods you can guess I felt pretty mad.

"GOOD gracious, Betty," she said, "Don't tell me you still *boil* your whites! It's not a bit necessary, I assure you. They come just as clean with this new soaking method in Rinso. Now let *me* do the wash today, and I'll show you."

And to my surprise my mother-in-law did show me! To such good effect that I would not go back to boiling clothes now if you paid me!

All you do is to *soak* the less dirty of the whites in warm Rinso suds for 15 minutes with the heat on. Don't bring them up to the boil and don't rub them. They don't need it. They come out just like snow!

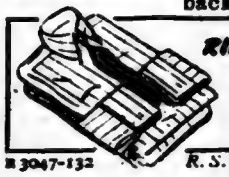
Then you put the very dirty whites into the same suds and you let them soak for 20 minutes—giving them a light rub through on the very grubby places. It's marvellous how the dirt *rolls* off them—and with almost no work on your part.

I HAD those whites on the line an hour and a half before I usually do—and I was proud of them! And when the whole wash was finished I still felt as fresh as paint—not dragging with weariness as I usually am on Monday afternoons.

But what makes the Rinso no-boil method such a blessing in *these* days is that it *saves* so much. There's the saving in time, giving us more working time before the blackout. Then there's the *fuel* saving. You need only *half the coal* you'd normally use or a quarter of the gas. So that means a money saving, too.

And then there's the way it saves the clothes. Do you know that household linens last 6 to 8 months longer when they're not boiled and rubbed hard? And that shirts last 4 months longer?

I know lots of women who have changed to the no-boil washing lately and they're as delighted as I am about it. So are their men-folk—who don't like coming home to worn-out wives even if they say nothing about it. Why don't *you* make a break with tradition next Monday? I bet you'll never go back to boiling again!



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"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

Twelve Months to You!

IT can now be stated, without fear of contradiction or arrest, that January of last year was a time of bitter cold, intense frost, and snowdrifts in some places twenty feet deep.

It was, indeed, much too cold to go to school.

As Mrs. Brown was beginning to suspect.

When the back door clicked, an hour after tea had gone cold, Mrs. Brown turned her head and listened. There was a stern look in her eyes.

"Is that you, Freddy?" she called.

After a pause Freddy's voice came through from the scullery.

"Yes, mum."

"Have you been to school to-day?"

No answer.

Mrs. Brown's mouth set in a hard line.

"Do you hear me, Freddy? Have you been to school to-day?"

"It was too cold to go to school."

"Oh! Well, how have you been spending your time?"

"Er——"

"Freddy!"

"I've been tobogganing."

"Oh, you've been tobogganing, have you?"

"Yes, mum."

"Oh! Well, your father wants to have a word with you."

Not a sound came from the scullery.

Mr. Brown took his glasses off, threw the paper on the floor and strode to the door. He glared down the dark passage.

"Is that you, Freddy?"

"Yes, pa."

"So you've been tobogganing, have you?"

"Yes, pa."

"Broken your neck yet?"

"No, pa."

"I suppose you go to school sometimes?"

No answer

"So you've been tobogganing again, Freddy . . ."

"Freddy!!!"

"Yes, pa."

"Oh, you do, eh? How's your arithmetic?"

No answer.

"You heard me, Freddy!"

"It's not too good, pa."

"Not too good . . . Ah!"

Mr. Brown frowned until he looked like one of the stone goblins high up on the corner of the church tower.

Mrs. Brown shook her head and sighed.

In the dark scullery the corners of Freddy's mouth turned as far down as they would go.

"Right! Now, listen to me, my boy. I'm going to have a serious talk with you . . ."

A YEAR passed, as they say on the theatre programmes.

January again.

January of this year. But, without fear of contradiction or arrest, the weather doesn't matter. There was, anyway, no time to look at it.

Mr. Brown was worried about his tie. The grey one or the blue one?

"As if I haven't enough of my own to bother about!" cried Mrs. Brown.

"I want to look my best," Mr. Brown protested cheerfully.

"*And* so do I!" his wife retorted. "That's why I haven't the time to bother about your tie. But if you don't make up you mind the taxi will be at the door and you won't have a tie on at all."

"We'll most likely be photographed," said Mr. Brown.

"That's what I'm thinking about," said Mrs. Brown.

"The blue tie!" said Mr. Brown, suddenly making up his mind.

He tied it and looked in the mirror and turned to his wife.

"All right?"

"Course it's all right," Mrs. Brown answered. "What's the matter with you is that you're excited. You're like a schoolboy going off on a picnic!"

"What about yourself?"

MRS. BROWN laughed.

"I'll bet we're all excited," she said, "if we could only see."

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Brown walked to the window, where there was more light.

"Am *I* all right?"

"Perfect picture!" said Mr. Brown.

"Oh, well, it's a change to hear you say that!"

"Go on!" said Mr. Brown, grinning.

"Sssh!"

"What?"

"The taxi!"

"So it is!" Mr. Brown joined her at the window. "*And* isn't it fetching 'em to the doors and windows! Look at 'em all! Well, tell me—what's it feel like to be famous?"

Mrs. Brown smiled and gave a last pat to her hat.

"Don't forget to lock the door."

"Do I *ever* forget?"

"We'd better be going, then."

They went downstairs and out to the step. The taxi man got down and opened the taxi door. Two doors away, Mrs. Jones smiled. Over the street, Mrs. Robinson waved. Everybody seemed to have left what they were doing to watch.

"Don't forget to lock the door," said Mrs. Brown.

"Done it," said Mr. Brown.

"Taken the key out?"

"Course!"

"Come on, then. It's time."

They got in the taxi. More doors opened. More windows were pushed up. Mr and Mrs. Brown felt rather like a royal visit as the taxi turned out of the street.

"Making a real splash!" said Mr. Brown.

Mrs. Brown smiled, then suddenly gave a little jump.

"Did you forget to lock the door?"

"I told you!"

"Did you take the key out?"

"Look! Here it is. Now are you satisfied?"

"Oh!"

"What's the matter with you is that you're excited," said Mr. Brown.

When they came to the big white building they explained things to the man at the door, who seemed to understand at once, which was helpful.

They were passed on from one to another and at length reached the room where the others were.

A cheerful man wrote their names on a list and asked them to stand by.

Before long it began.

As the others, two by two, stepped forward and voices came startlingly out of the loudspeaker above, Mr. Brown patted Mrs. Brown's hand.

"Nervous?"

"N-no."

"Well, you mustn't be. Not to-day, you know. Don't forget that."

The cheerful man was looking for them. He held up his finger.

"Us!" said Mr. Brown.

They stepped forward.

"One second!" the cheerful man whispered. "Stand right up there. You know what to do."

They nodded.

Out of the loudspeaker above a voice crackled.

"And here, from Rhode Island, is Freddy Brown of London, to greet the old folks!"

"Now!" the cheerful man whispered.

Mrs. Brown put her mouth to the microphone.

"IS that you, Freddy?"

"Yeah, mum!' came Freddy's voice from above.

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh, swell!"

"That's fine Having a good time?"

"Yeah!"

"I'll bet you haven't been to school to-day!"

"Aw, I haven't been to school in a week! You ought to see the snow here! Too cold for settin' in school, anyways."

"Well, how are you spending your time?"

'Oh, all ways, mum. I been tobogganing."

"Oh you've been tobogganing, have you?"

"Sure!"

"That sounds lovely! Freddy."

"Yeah?"

"Your father wants to have a word with you."

"O.K., mum. Turn him on."

"Is that you, Freddy?"

"Hello, pop! How's things back home?"

"Fine!"

"Aw, that's swell!"

"Having a good time?"

"Aw, pop. I can't begin to tell you!"

"Good! So you've been tobogganing, have you?"

"Sure!"

"Broken your neck yet?"

"Not yet, pop!"

"I suppose you go to school sometimes?"

"Why, sure, pop. Now and again!"

"Ha! ha! How's your arithmetic?"

"I guess that's not too good, pop."

"Not too good? Ha! ha! I know you!"

"But it's swell here, all the same, pop."

"Listen——"

That other voice crackled again

"I'm afraid that'll have to be all, Freddy. So say good-bye"

"Good-bye, mum! Good-bye, pop!"

"Good-bye, Freddy!"

"Good-bye, Freddy!"

Other people took the microphone and the Browns on both sides of the Atlantic stepped down

In London Mrs Brown was smiling and Mr. Brown grinning.

Oh, everything was grand!

In New York Freddy was laughing aloud.

Oh things were just swell!

The Fighting Forces' FAVOURITE!

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FOOD FACTS

Number 30

HAVE potatoes for breakfast to give you energy for the day. Have potatoes for dinner to strengthen your resistance to illness. Have potatoes for supper because they are cheap, wholesome and home-produced. Have potatoes *every* day because there's always a new way of serving them.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Potato Cutlets for Breakfast

Potato Pete

These make an excellent start to the day; and one of the beauties of them is that you can prepare them the day before. Scrub 1½ lbs. potatoes and boil in their skins. When cooked, peel and mash them thoroughly. Scrape ½ lb. carrots, boil till tender and mash. Mix the potatoes and carrots together, season with salt and pepper, then shape into cutlets. Dip in browned breadcrumbs, made by baking stale bread in the oven and crushing it. Next morning, place the cutlets in a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 mins., or fry them in a very little hot fat.

This recipe, which makes enough for 4 persons, was sent in by S. Goswami.

Dinner for a King

BAKEHOUSE MUTTON makes a good, satisfying, heartening midday meal. Here is how to make it for 4 or 5 people.

Scrub 2½ lbs. potatoes and cut into thick slices. Put in a baking tin and season with salt and pepper. Pour over a teacupful of water. Roll up 2 breasts of lamb (boned), lay them on top of the potatoes, cover with margarine papers and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Remove the paper and brown the meat for about 20 mins. before serving.

It's a little thing but . .

you can make excellent suet crust by using only 2 ozs. suet to 8 ozs. flour and adding 2 ozs. grated raw potato. Add a pinch of salt and mix with a little water in the usual way.

Supper Savouries

1. POTATO PASTIES are always a popular supper. Make a paste by mixing 4ozs. mashed potatoes, 2 ozs. flour and 1 oz. dripping with a little cold water. Roll out the paste fairly thin and cut it into rounds. Fill with a mixture of cold cooked vegetables, such as carrots, parsnips and beet. If you have a little cooked meat, so much the better. Mince it and add it to the vegetables, seasoned to taste. Damp the edges of the pastry with cold water, fold over and seal. Cut a small hole in the top to let out the steam. Bake in a hot oven for 20 to 30 mins. These are delicious eaten hot with vegetables and gravy, or, cold, they can take the place of sandwiches.

This recipe was sent by Mrs. Honeybone.

2. CURRIED POTATOES make another favourite supper dish. Parboil 2 lbs. potatoes, and peel and cut them into slices ½ in. thick. Make a mixture of 1 dessertspoonful curry powder, 1 dessertspoonful medium oatmeal and a little salt. Toss the potatoes in the mixture; then arrange in a greased fireproof dish or baking tin, dot with 1 oz. dripping and bake in a moderate oven until browned (about 30 mins.)

Learn more useful tips and recipes by listening to the "Kitchen Front" on the wireless at 8.15 every morning.

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The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

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A DRI-PED Leather repair gives TWICE the wear

Have your shoes repaired with the leather that lasts twice as long—Dri-ped. What a saving! And Dri-ped saves your health as well as your shoes—it's waterproof!

Insist on DRI-PED for your next repair

★ HUMANIST, sympathising with those persons who just can't tell the truth, offers a cure to the man who is always dramatising himself.

WHY AM I A LIAR?

"YES, I am an habitual liar. I can't tell the truth. I started lying as a joke, but it has become serious."

With this confession, a reader pleads that I should help him master the habit of straining the truth.

"Only the other night I made myself look small in the eyes of someone whose friendship I value highly," he adds. "If the friendship were broken, it would be a great loss to me.

"Fortunately, I was forgiven, but I need to be taught a lesson for such a low trick.

"The embarrassment of being found out in my lies soon wears off, and within a few days I am doing the same again.

"I have become so accustomed to lying that it is not until afterwards that I realise the damage I have caused."

It would be easier to advise if I knew whether the man lied to hurt others or merely to dramatise himself.

The former is a serious vice; the other a childish habit adopted in adult life.

The best cure would be to try to write fiction.

Many people have been cured by putting their "daydreams" on paper. There is then no urge to pretend that they happened in actual experience.

This problem has appeared in many letters recently.

Mothers are worried because children invent impossible stories.

But there is no need to worry unduly about them.

Children often live in a world of make-believe.

The dotted line separating daydreams from reality has been unwittingly crossed in their excitement.

Do Most Damage

Cowardly lies told to evade punishment or criticism and mischief-making lies, told to hurt another or to profit at his expense, do most damage. And it is always more reprehensible in an adult.

Shrewdest of all comments on the subject was made by Bernard Shaw.

"The punishment of the liar," he said, "is not that no one will believe him, but that *he can never believe anybody else.*"

Now I want to mention dreams and visions.

I knew that some people had remarkable experiences, but I never imagined there were so many until after I mentioned the subject on this page some weeks ago.

Letters came from people who claimed to have second sight; from those who were "the seventh child of the seventh child"; from those who declared themselves "psychic" or "clairvoyant," and had seen visions of angels.

"He lived in a world of terrible make-believe"

These people are nearly always concerned with disasters.

Dreams of funerals, wreaths, coffins, shrouds, open graves, ambulances, blood, tragic accidents: I have had dozens of letters about them.

War Visions

Visions concerned with the war are seen in the sky, in the fire, and in dreams.

"My daughter and I were sitting by the window overlooking the cemetery," says one woman. "A hearse came along with one car following and a young woman (Mrs. X) walking alongside.

"The procession stopped at the gate, the coffin was removed, Mrs. X's husband and sister left the car and followed as mourners.

"Suddenly I saw a ball of light rise from the coffin, pass into the air, and disperse.

"Mrs. X watched the procession go along the path of the cemetery, then walked away in the direction of her home. She passed our window. We saw her distinctly and knew her well.

"Later in the day we were astonished to learn that Mrs. X was in that coffin, yet I can truthfully say that she was there watching her own funeral."

Most of us have had mild shocks at funerals by the appearance of unexpected relatives, twin brothers or sisters, for example. But this does not explain the ball of fire.

It would be interesting to know whether the daughter saw it.

Now for another.

"I am a naval man serving my second half," says the reader. "Spooks and omens, dreams and charms have always left me cold. Having visited virtually every quarter of the globe, hard facts alone influence me.

"Yet there was an exception.

"I was detailed off for the eight-to-midnight watch on an old pier, used only for naval purposes. It was winter, with an east wind blowing fitful clouds across the moon.

"The time dragged. . . .

"I was walking towards the pier-head when I saw dozens of men, clad in oil-skins, trying to beach a boat on the port side.

"I cupped my hands and shouted, 'Hoi! No landing allowed here.' But the men took no notice.

"I went down on to the shingle and saw that the craft was a huge lifeboat.

"I was just about to shout again when the boat and the entire crew vanished.

"I stood petrified. The strangest feeling swept over me.

"I returned and never in all my years of service was I more thankful to be relieved by the next watch.

"He was a youngish fellow, and I told him nothing of my experience. I wish I had.

"When the fourth watch went to relieve him he found him sitting gazing out to sea. Wondering what could be holding his attention, he saw the same vision of the boat and the struggling men.

"But the young man was dead.

"A doctor said the young man's heart failed because of a sudden shock.

Premonition

"There is no doubt in my mind that he had seen the vision. From that night the watch was doubled, but nothing queer was seen again.

"A week elapsed, and then the country heard of a major lifeboat disaster. Seventy lives were lost and a public fund was started to assist the dependents.

"Three of us saw a vision of that impending tragedy; only two of us survive to tell the story."

I could fill the whole paper with stories that are as inexplicable. Some will be quoted in the near future.

FULL CIRCLE

YOUR turn is coming, though it may seem far away, but with every step you take you are getting through the day, and though its hours are shadowed with pain and deep distress, your turn is coming to swing into Happiness.

YOUR turn is coming, though Life's tides are rough and high and Life's storms beat down and baffle you and rainswept is your sky, but every tide recedes and every sky must clear, and your turn is coming, and maybe it's mighty near.

YOUR turn is coming, though you feel your strength is spent, though you feel that nothing matters since the day your high hopes went, but it is when we feel beaten, and peril stalks us down, that the Smile of Life breaks through and dispels its ugly frown.

YOUR turn is coming, as come it will and must, for misfortune is not lasting; it is but a frightening gust, which blows the dust of sorrow across Life's pleasant land, but in Time's Hour-glass there are still gold grains in the falling sand.

YOUR turn is coming, so whatever else you do, keep on and don't give in; just see this bad patch through. There is no dark to-morrow, but has within its hold something that will bring happiness when the rest of the story's told

YOUR turn is coming, but nations and men alike can't see the whole Wheel of Events, but must with their actions strike each spoke until Full Circle is by their endeavours spun, and remember within the Wheel of Life are Bright Spokes for EVERYONE.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Imagine the feelings of Peter Weldon, of Kilsyth, Angus, a veteran of the last war, when he realises that his wife has to go without food to buy nourishing food for their tubercular daughter.

War service in France and the Near East left him so weak that he can do only the lightest work, and cannot provide sufficient fuel, food and clothes for his afflicted family.

He is also harassed by five pounds arrears of rent.

Surely you can help this ex-soldier, who is spoken of with the greatest respect by the priest of the parish.

For it is not difficult to realise how a man would feel knowing that there is so much he could do, not only for his family but also for his country, if he had not suffered so much in the last war.

Unhonoured and handicapped, he can do no more than hope his former heroism will help him to fight through his own personal war.

Yet he would fight all the more eagerly if some little encouragement showed that he was not entirely forgotten.

Donations should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny is devoted to the fund. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name).

NO more 'FLU for YOU

Quick Results! "I have never recovered from Influenza before so quickly or so completely," *says D.L. London.*

If you take Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand

you will quickly *and safely* be rid of every symptom, for Phensic does not harm the heart. It is just as quick and safe to relieve **every Nerve and Muscular Pain—including Rheumatism.** 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/6. *(Including Purchase Tax).*

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

WHY WOMEN SHOULDN'T TAKE JUST ANY LAXATIVE

It's natural enough. A woman is made differently from a man. When it comes to a thing like a laxative she needs one which is gentle in its action and one which in addition to washing away waste matters will act as a tonic for her liver as well.

Fortunately there is one laxative which serves this double purpose. It's called Karmoid and it has the two-fold action every women needs. Karmoid's first effect is gently to clear away all impurities and wastes without any purging or griping. Then it tones up and stimulates the liver to play its essential part in your well being.

The result is really extraordinary. If you take just one little, pleasant-tasting Karmoid tablet tonight, you'll feel absolutely grand in the morning. Your depression will go, your energy increase. You'll be fitter for your work. Even your cares and worries will seem less important. Karmoid tablets are sold by all good Chemists. Only 1/3 a box. Family size, 3/-. Get some before you forget.

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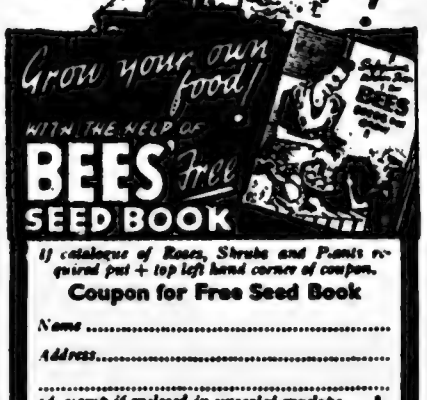

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FREE Send 3d. POST NOW!

Can one keep going on

Snatched Sleep?

A PROBLEM OF TO-DAY ANSWERED

IN normal times, most of us take our sleep in one stretch of six to nine hours.

To-day, tremendous numbers of people are taking their sleep in snatches.

Our soldiers and our air-raid wardens, our firemen and our "front-line" civilians—all are liable to find at times that a couple of hours' sleep is the most they can manage in one stretch.

How will this affect people?

To answer this question, we might ask another: "What makes man think he *needs* an unbroken stretch of several hours' sleep?"

Few animals are monophasic in their sleep-habits. Most are polyphasic; that is, they take their sleep in several "doses," alternately sleeping and waking throughout the 24 hours. So do we ourselves in infancy! Babies are not born with an instinct to take sleep in one stretch. And many are the great men who have relied on "cat naps" to keep young!

No; sleeping a solid eight hours or so, and staying awake for the other sixteen, is simply a social habit. On the whole it is a convenient and sensible habit because it saves artificial light and enables us all to synchronize our activities. But it is not a physiological need. Polyphasic sleep can be just as satisfactory as monophasic.

THAT brings up the question of whether, if one takes sleep in snatches, one should try to make up a total of about 8 hours in 24.

The Quaker Leslie said a hundred years ago: "Nature requires 5 hours' sleep, custom takes 8, laziness 9, wickedness 11." And as recently as 1929, a reputable American scientist, Professor H. L. Hollingworth of Columbia University, was advancing a theory that sleep is simply a silly form of stupor which is taken for granted only because everyone indulges in it; a vicious habit, worse than opium addiction or alcoholism; a scourge surpassing yellow fever or smallpox! How superior a race would be that would dispense with sleep, he said!

It was not a new idea. St. Francis of Assisi and many other religious mystics, mindful perhaps of the biblical instruction against sloth, made innumerable attempts to dispense with sleep altogether. It is likely that some of their "visions" are attributable to this self-denial; modern experiments show that prolonged insomnia almost invariably brings delirium and hallucination.

ST. FRANCIS himself was wise enough to suspect something of the sort. After his own experiments in doing without sleep he instructed the friars that each should learn how much food and how much sleep he needed to maintain himself in physical fitness, so that he might properly carry out his practical tasks.

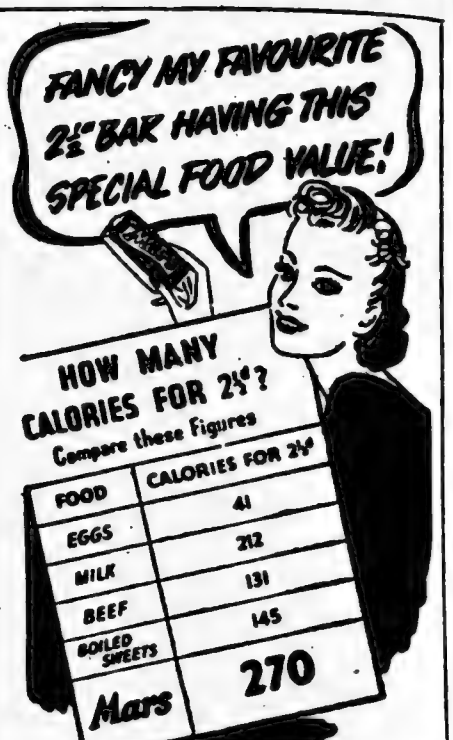
Modern discoveries confirm the wisdom of this judgment. People's need of sleep varies. Each one of us must discover how much sleep is necessary to maintain alertness of mind and well-being of body. It is probably a great deal less than we think. It is certainly true that if we get the kind of deep, restful sleep that has been called 1st Group Sleep, we can do with far less than if we get the shallow, unsatisfying 2nd Group Sleep, or lie awake worrying as people in the 3rd Sleep Group do.

In practice, this question of "level" is the most important aspect of sleep, and variations in the sleep "level" or depth are the whole explanation of the familiar fact that one can sometimes wake tired, unrested, even after a long night's sleep. This occurs when the quality of the sleep is wrong. It is most important to get 1st Group Sleep.

This is especially true nowadays and true, above all, for those who must do on short rations of sleep. The great value of Horlicks is that it helps you to get 1st Group Sleep. Hundreds of thousands of people have found that when they have Horlicks last thing they go to sleep quickly and sleep profoundly, restfully, all night.

IF you are in the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Group, you would be well advised to start taking Horlicks immediately. It is obtainable from two shillings a bottle and it can be made with water. After Horlicks you will not only wake refreshed; your whole nervous system will improve. It is impossible to have steady nerves unless one gets 1st Group Sleep. With it, one is alert, confident, energetic and far more able to resist illness.

That is because it is the true "healing" sleep.



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

Home Made Black Currant Cough Mixture

Children Love It.

You will certainly have no trouble in persuading your child to take this pleasant-tasting, soothing cough mixture. It is easy to make up at home and brings immediate relief to coughs and colds. This is how to make it. Heat about half a pint of water—don't let it boil. Stir into this 3-4 teaspoonfuls of black currant jam—any jam will do but black currant is best. Strain this through muslin or a fine mesh strainer and allow to cool. Then add one ounce of Parmint (double strength) and stir well. You then have a full half-pint of pleasant-tasting yet most effective cough mixture.

Parmint can be obtained from any chemist. It is a concentrated essence of 10 medicinal ingredients mixed in exactly the right proportions for curing coughs and colds speedily.

Dosage: Adults, 1 tablespoonful; Children, 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful each four times a day after meals. Make up a bottle to-day, and keep it by you and take a dose at the first sign of infection.

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LATEST ASTOUNDING INVENTION

14 Days Free Trial. No Understraps

The famous Beasley Air-Cushion is now also available on a new lightweight device (incurved to give the correct upward support without under straps). Controls equally the heaviest or slightest Rupture. Recommended by Doctors. Light and cool to wear. Order now or send for details.

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IGHTEEN months ago
tractor-ploughing for
ploughing firm.
Employed on land that h
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But most farmers allow us
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★ *This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Voice of the People

EIGHTEEN months ago I started tractor-ploughing for a contract ploughing firm.

Employed on land that hasn't been ploughed before in living memory, I work from dawn to dusk, and am content to do so seven days a week.

But most farmers allow us to plough their land only on condition that we don't work on Sundays.

I have never yet seen a farmer's tractor working on Sunday, yet the more food we produce at home the more sailors' lives we save.—W. T. Fulford, Cotton, Coombe Bissett, near Salisbury, Wilts.

And strict Sabbatarians must remember that Jesus is reputed to have said that the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath.

May Be Sarcasm!

Why does the B.B.C. maintain the polite prefix "Herr" when referring to Hitler?

Mr. Churchill called Mussolini "that cold-blooded, crafty, black-hearted Italian."

H. A. Vachell, the novelist, who broadcast recently, called Hitler "that misbegotten, gutter-bred megalomaniac."

Surely the time has gone for politeness.—D. A. L., Exmouth, Devon.

Hitler refers to Winston as "Herr Mister Churchill." Clearly, he imagines Mister to be the British equivalent of "Von." Hitler's German is most ungrammatical.

Customer Was Wrong

Shopkeepers need years to acquire goodwill, yet how lavishly some of them throw it away in war time.

My mother asked for jam. The assistant replied, "I've got none. Don't you know there's a war on? And what's a jar of jam, anyway?"

But this frail, elderly woman lost a much-loved son in the last war, and has an only son serving as an airman in this.

She arrived home quite ill because of a thoughtless girl's insinuation that she was a woman to whom war meant nothing.—Mrs. Nan Davidson, South Mount Street, Aberdeen.

Is This a Record?

I have read about a sergeant-major who has less than one year's service.

No outstanding act of courage; no evidence of special ability is recorded.

No hint is given, anywhere, why one man should pass all others in the race for promotion by such a huge margin.

Prodigies may master the violin or chess by the age of five—but it isn't as remarkable as mastering the most difficult job in the Army in less than twelve months.—Bombardier A. O. Davis, Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton, 6.

Quick expansion of an army necessarily means quick promotion. Yet this must be a record.

What Would You Do?

JOHN BULL reader points out that the 166 horses entered for big races this year will consume poultry food that would give us an additional 1,660,000 eggs.

Ask the average British working-man which he would rather have—an extra ten eggs a year, or a tanner on each race in which those 166 racehorses will figure.

I bet nine out of ten would plump for a little flutter.—H. Cutcliffe, Seaton Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

Ten working-men, duly asked, said they would take the eggs, as wives and children had to be studied as well as themselves.

Bricklayer Chief

At a near-by R.A.F. camp the position of chief chef (yes, they call him that) is now occupied by a former bricklayer.

A local tobacco distributor is head clerk in an Air Ministry Department.

I wonder how it is done?

I still say every man to his trade.—Mrs. A. D., "Somewhere in England"

Mr. Bevin, eager to find the right men for the right jobs, is studying camps through a microscope. He can seize men for more useful civilian work, but has no power to re-allocate military, naval or Air Force duties.

In "Blitzed" Town

Can you tell me why people in foreign countries—and sometimes even our own spokesmen—say they are *surprised* at the courage and fortitude of the civilians in our "blitzed" towns.

Why surprised? Surely they realise they are British!—R. B. Shaw, Park Avenue, Cheadle, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Just a way of saying that no army of civilians has ever before shown such courage. We can't pretend that our own civilians have ever been so sternly tested before.

Curbing the Lords

Anybody who imagines that important legislation will be advanced by curbing the power of the House of Lords is an optimist.

The chief trouble lies in the Lower House, where an obsolete, dilatory and happy-go-lucky spirit prevails.

Then there are the M.P.s who deliberately obstruct Bills with which they disagree. How can we hope for swift and efficient legislation while this happens?—Gertrude A. Rogers, Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.

Face Powder "Rush"

Yesterday I was told by a chemist with a shop in a small back street of Blackburn that women spent £70 on face powder in his shop last month.

This was four times as much as in peace time, when wages were lower.

Are we going to repeat one of the mistakes of the last war, when workers bought grand pianos that they were willing enough to sell at one-quarter the price when peace returned?—Mrs. Norah Pointer, Blackburn, Lancs.

This chemist's experience may mean only that so many shops are without supplies that there is a rush on his stocks. General experience is that there is little wild spending.

They Are "Tops"

As a soldier of the last war, I cannot but admire the smart adaptability of the young soldiers of to-day.

I was greatly impressed by the splendid work done by young soldiers on a ten weeks' course in a technical college.

In that time, grocers, gardeners and tailors had become proficient blacksmiths, turners and fitters, capable of keeping Britain's great new mobile force on the heels of the enemy.—G. A. McInnes, Balgair Street, Glasgow, N.

Landladies on the Make

An offer of work in a munitions factory in England seemed quite attractive until I tried to find lodgings in the district.

I was never asked less than £2 a week for bed and board, excluding week-ends.

"Munitioneers" won't buy the grand pianos this time. It will be landladies.—Mrs. G. Macdonald, Ayrshire, Scotland.

Had No Lodgings

One Sunday night I came across some young girls wandering round in the rain and the pitch darkness of the black-out.

They were "theatricals," who had arrived to find no accommodation reserved for them.

After wandering around for an hour or so, kindly Y.W.C.A. workers accommodated the girls in a social hall on camp beds.

I know the difficulties of finding lodgings in these days, and I am blaming nobody, but I do think that people who have the destinies of these young women in their hands should make sure there is bed and board for them before sending them to crowded parts of the country.—Julian M. Taylor, Shrubbery Avenue, Worcester.

Heroes Must Pay!

Oh yes, let us be full of gratitude to these lads who bring the aeroplanes and shells and food to Britain.

Yet, when I received my first allotment from my seventeen-year-old son, who has become a deck-hand in the Merchant Navy, I found that the shipping company had deducted fourpence—the cost of sending the money order.—R. Yates, Sandon Road, Meir, Stoke-on-Trent.

Bang Goes a Meal

The Government intends to kill off rabbits this Spring—notably in Scotland—by means of gas powder that makes carcases unfit for food.

Every rabbit thus lost is a lost meal for some family.

They are a pest, but not until the public has been encouraged to catch every rabbit it can should any such method of exterminating them be used.—H. E. Stone, Bosville Road, Sheffield.

Locking the Stable Door

MISS ELLEN WILKINSON says the "blitzed" towns are to have the first issues of indoor shelters.

She seems to have very little knowledge of the psychology of the people of this country.

I live in Coventry, which has been hit hard enough.

And I say: "Send the first lot of shelters to the big towns that might get the same treatment as Coventry, but which have been lucky enough to escape so far."

My reason? That the people who are worried about children, wives, old folks, etc., send those loved ones away after a "blitz," visiting them as often as they can.

The people who remain become indifferent to further attack.—M. B., Kenpas Highway, Coventry.

Whether Miss Wilkinson is right or wrong, what a fine tribute this letter is to the people of Coventry!

Miss Wilkinson would do better to provide shelters for those who may possibly need them, rather than for those who had none when they were needed most.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

GREENOCK TELEGRAPH: — "'Italian SAFES,' he says, 'are little frequented. They have become oases of silence instead of being a roaring hubbub of animated conversation.'"

SOUTHPORT VISITOR:—"This piece of legislation RECEIVED the backing of all three parties in the House."

THE WESTON MERCURY AND SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD:—". . . for failing to OBSERVE a light, the magistrates decided that the prosecution included no evidence that she was responsible for the light, and the case was dismissed."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The fare included ham for breakfast, roast and boiled CHILDREN for the sick."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—". . . are lying in wait like a cat watching a HOUSE."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"The town, girded by WOODEN cliffs, enjoys a mild climate even in time of winter."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"From the new bustle back the panelled skirt descended into a long RAIN."

THE EARLESTOWN "GUARDIAN":—"Pay is extraordinarily good, and as the jobs are SEMI-KILLED, one can soon become proficient."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Some country butchers are telling their customers that they cannot give full rations, and cannot supply emergency rations to soldiers on LEAVE."

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by using

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The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

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From Marconiphone engineers have come many of radio's most revolutionary discoveries. To-day, those same skilled workers are striving to discover still greater scientific secrets . . . in order to put at the Nation's service, now, developments in radio design and technique which normally, could not have been made for years. They will be put at your service — when peace returns.

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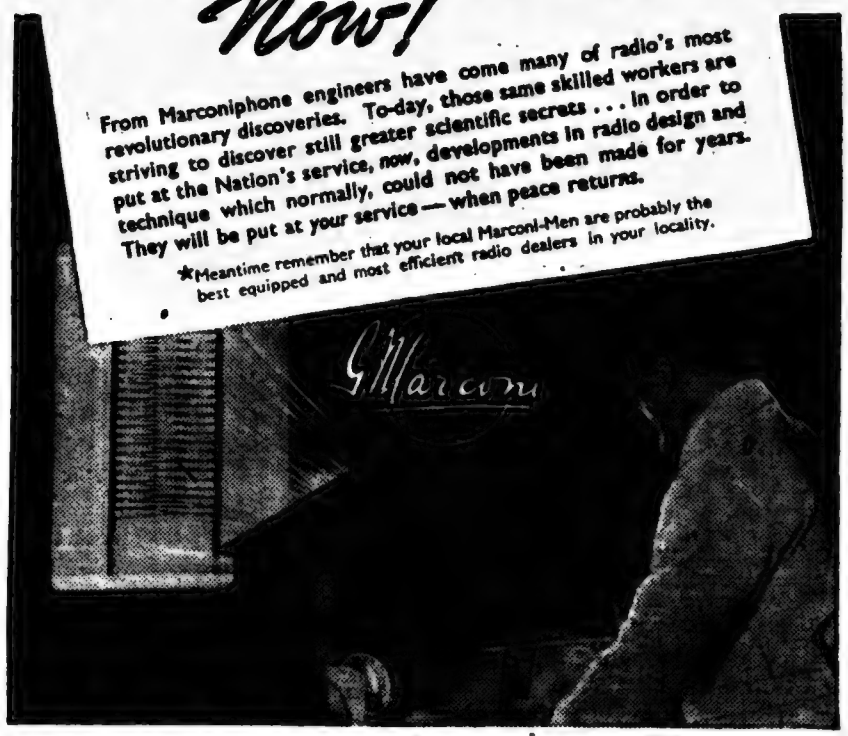

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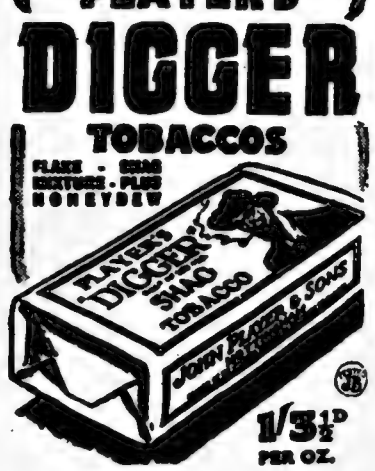

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PROPPED up in and tightly close the brightest of shade, Len Ha with a broad and cheer "Well," he grinned. I once said about be day'?"

A few hours previou City I had watched Ha the pluckiest stands in the ring.

Totally blind and gu of hearing alone, he ha Jack Petersen's tigeris faint but forlorn hop miracle he might weat retain his heavyweight

Harvey had been blindly when the towel ring from his corner, man, the blazing fir eyes, had stepped bac more.

Harvey had lost.

Still Sm

He was back where "Just plain Len Har put it—but he still co

At the peak of hi triumphs, when he h once—the British h pionship, the Empire pionship and the Br crown—Harvey said smile when I am beate for, believe me, I woul bered as a sportsman pion."

That is why, from I could tell you of t have chosen for an in shows him in defeat

Since then Len has again.

He made ring his the rules by provin can, after all, come first. Jock McAvoy cruiserweight title, Phillips for the B heavyweight titles Tommy Farr.

To-day, after twent Pilot Officer Harvey yet eight years ago critics and boxing ex declared that he wa

Undismayed, this mannered young

★ ***Second of a series devoted to the private lives of contemporary boxers, A. W. Helliwell continues "MEET THE CHAMPIONS" by introducing LEN HARVEY, who always accepted a thrashing with a grin and lived to fight another day.***

COME-BACK KING IS A SMILER

When he became heavyweight Champion of Great Britain by beating Jack Petersen, Harvey celebrated by buying young Terry a bicycle.

PROPPED up in bed, his swollen and tightly closed left eye putting the brightest of rainbows in the shade, Len Harvey greeted me with a broad and cheerful smile.

"Well," he grinned. "Remember what I once said about being 'King for a day'?"

A few hours previously at the White City I had watched Harvey make one of the pluckiest stands I have ever seen in the ring.

Totally blind and guided by his sense of hearing alone, he had helplessly faced Jack Petersen's tigerish assaults in the faint but forlorn hope that by some miracle he might weather the storm and retain his heavyweight title.

Harvey had been still lashing out blindly when the towel fluttered into the ring from his corner, and the Welshman, the blazing fire dying from his eyes, had stepped back, champion once more.

Harvey had lost.

Still Smiling

He was back where he had started—"Just plain Len Harvey again," as he put it—but he still could raise a smile.

At the peak of his many glittering triumphs, when he held three titles at once—the British heavyweight championship, the Empire heavyweight championship and the British cruiserweight crown—Harvey said to me: "If I can smile when I am beaten I shall be happy, for, believe me, I would rather be remembered as a sportsman than as a champion."

That is why, from the many stories I could tell you of this great fighter, I have chosen for an introduction one that shows him in defeat.

Since then Len has scaled the heights again.

He made ring history and broke all the rules by proving that champions can, after all, come back when he beat, first, Jock McAvoy to regain his lost cruiserweight title, and then Eddie Phillips for the British and Empire heavyweight titles relinquished by Tommy Farr.

To-day, after twenty years in the game, Pilot Officer Harvey is still a champion, yet eight years ago many of the leading critics and boxing experts in the country declared that he was "finished."

Undismayed, this soft-spoken, mild-mannered young Cornishman, whose boyhood hero was Bob Fitzsimmons, set out to prove them wrong. Having lost his middleweight title and belt to Jock McAvoy, against whom he fought fifteen brilliant rounds with his left hand alone—his right hand smashed like pulp against the extraordinary jaw of the freakish "Cast-Iron" Jack Casey—Harvey applied himself to the task of shaping an entirely new career in the heavyweight class.

I have known Harvey intimately for a number of years, not only as a fighter, but as a friend.

He is one of the few men I have met—people "in the news," the film stars, the statesmen and the sportsmen—who have drunk the somewhat heady wine of fame without effect.

He is to-day as modest and unassuming as the Nipper Harvey who fought for "nobbins"—the coppers the audience threw into the ring if they were pleased—at the old Cosmo, Plymouth.

Harvey is not a very satisfactory subject to sketch in words, for the simple reason that he is as little like a pugilistic champion as you could possibly imagine.

His quiet, matter-of-fact personality does not lend itself to colourful description.

I knew, for instance, one boxer who bought himself twenty-five expensive suits out of his first big purse.

Battling Siki paraded a lion cub along the boulevards of Paris.

Other fighters have dazzled an astonished world with their jewels, their glittering automobiles and other extravagances.

Mild Celebration!

Harvey is less spectacular!

When he first beat Jack Petersen and became heavyweight champion of Great Britain, he celebrated by buying young Terry Harvey a toy bicycle!

After he had taken the Empire title from Larry Gains, he gave the crowd the slip and went straight home to bed.

Len is no showman.

Even in the ring he is often sadly disappointing to watch unless you are close enough to see and appreciate the finer points of the art and science of fisticuffs.

As an exponent of these he is without equal.

To Harvey a fight is like a game of chess and the ring a board upon which each fresh move and strategy is carefully planned in that ice-cool brain.

Nothing ever disturbs his placid calm.

Often in the middle of a dangerous flurry of blows he has looked over an opponent's shoulder and drooped his left eyelid in a slow and confident wink to me at the ringside.

He remains, even to this day, an enigma.

Time and time again Harvey has proved the experts wrong.

Whenever they tip him to lose, Len just smiles that slow, quiet smile of his—and wins!

This has happened so consistently that he now takes it as an omen of success if the odds are laid against him.

When he fought Petersen for the first time virtually every sports writer in the country prophesied his defeat.

Harvey's icy, imperturbable calm won him that fight just as it has won him many another, and there, I think, you have the secret of a good deal of his amazing success.

He is terrifically strong.

He has the grip of a professional strong man, and there are probably few more powerful fighting men—either boxers or wrestlers—than Harvey.

Pushing Them Around!

Watch the almost insolent ease with which he pushes big heavyweights around in clinches and you will appreciate this.

Yet he does not look the part.

There are fighters—Joe Beckett was one, George Cook another—whose flattened noses and bullet heads loudly advertise their profession.

Harvey is not of these.

He belongs to the ranks of such boxers as Carpentier and Billy Wells—men who never looked like fighters until they got into rank.

He was once waiting outside an Oxford Street store for Mrs. Harvey when two Cockneys passed.

"Lumme, Bill," said one. "Ain't that chap like Len Harvey."

"Yus, a bit," said his friend. Then, with a disparaging sniff, "But yer can see he ain't no hathlete. Why, 'Arvey'd make two of 'im."

There was another occasion when he was motoring in the country and a huge Bentley came roaring out of a side turning on to the main road with an imperious serenade on its multiple horns.

Harvey trod on his brakes hard and swerved his modest saloon to a standstill to avoid a collision.

The Bentley also stopped, and a swaggering, beefy, loud-voiced young gentleman jumped out.

He took one look at the mild, inoffensive man at the wheel and promptly decided that this was a perfect opportunity to impress his young woman companion

Thrusting his face inside the saloon he began a hectoring lecture on the rules of the road.

Harvey just sat punctuating it with an occasional quiet "Yes" or "No," until the beefy young man grew overbold.

"And for two pins," he concluded, "I'd knock your head off."

"Oh, well," said Len, looking up for the first time, "that's different. You'd better have a try."

He began climbing out of his car, but the Bentley driver's jaw had dropped a good two inches.

"It's Len Harvey," he yelled as the truth dawned upon him; and Mrs. Harvey, who told me this story, swears she has never seen a Bentley go so fast since!

What are the champion's hobbies?

Well, before the war motoring and watching the Arsenal were his favourite amusements—when he was in the United States he spent £50 on transatlantic telephone calls to follow their progress in the Cup.

Crib Champion?

He enjoys a game of cards—he swears he is unbeatable at crib—and plays a good game of snooker. Like Gene Tunney, he reads Shaw, although he has none of the Gené's literary aspirations. Wells and Wodehouse are his favourite authors, and he can discuss books intelligently, too.

Harvey is also something of a philosopher and one of the few boxers I have met who is willing to face the fact that he cannot stay at the top for ever.

When I congratulated him on winning the heavyweight title for the first time he smiled and said, "You know what they say about being King for a day."

Hence the remark with which he greeted me some months later when he had lost the title.

Once again the experts were saying that he was "finished" and once again Harvey proved them wrong. His sensational come-back included a win over Eddie Phillips and a brilliantly fought draw with the ponderous Walter Neusel.

Harvey gave away more than three stone to the German giant, but those who say he cannot fight should have seen him ripping punches into Neusel in the closing rounds of that contest!

Soon afterwards, as official matchmaker to Wembley Stadium, Harvey startled the sporting world by announcing that he had matched himself with John Henry Lewis for the coloured boxer's world cruiserweight title.

A Narrow Defeat

That was Len's answer to the experts who said he was finished—a world title fight—and he was only narrowly defeated on points after putting up one of the most magnificent performances of his career.

For twelve rounds he was forced to pull every punch, for he had damaged his hands in training, but in the last three sessions, Harvey staged a finish that had an epic quality.

Every time he hit Lewis white-hot stabs of pain went throbbing through his hands, but he still stood toe-to-toe with the big negro and swapped punch for punch.

If Harvey had had sound hands another story might have been told—but that is my excuse and not his.

As for Len, he accepted defeat gracefully and with a smile.

As soon as he was dressed he went to the American's room and shook hands.

"You're a great fighter," he said. "I'm not ashamed to have lost to you."

The Last Laugh

F. N. (Esher).—"The wasp waist will never come back into fashion again." No; the modern girl refuses to be taken in.

INSTRUCTOR (Aldershot).—"Crawling on the hands and knees is excellent exercise. Make a game of it." This has been done. It's called table tennis.

G. N. (Tottenham).—"In an emergency I once filled the radiator of my car with beer." In an emergency, some people have been known to drink water.

H. G. (Birkenhead).—"I like fat men. When I saw you at your office I might almost have thought there was a famine." And when we saw you we might almost have thought you had caused it.

L. P. (Worthing).—"I have read the views of all the experts on the possibility of invasion, and so on, and should be interested to hear when *you* think we shall see a Nazi offensive." Always.

F. B. (Monkwearmouth).—"A daily cold bath does away with the tendency to have colds." Also, we should imagine, it sometimes does away with the tendency to have cold baths.

J. J. (Trowbridge).—"I enclose a contribution for your valuable paper and shall be glad to receive the money by return. How much is it worth?" Minus twopence-halfpenny. You forgot to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

P. M. (Brentwood).—"I have had to store my many MSS. temporarily where they are only safe if the weather remains dry, so I am thinking of sending the whole lot to you for your consideration. What will you offer?" A prayer for rain.

N. M. (Sutton).—"Women prefer men who have something tender about them." Particularly legal tender.

J. S. (Stirling).—"There is one thing I'll say about my wife, she is a real good nurse." See letter below.

MRS. S. (Stirling).—"I recently nursed my husband's uncle, but he died, leaving my hubby £6,750." See letter above.

G. L. (Edenbridge). — "My ninety-year-old aunt has a wonderful memory." Then she can probably tell you the actual shape of an onion.

J. H. (Penistone).—"The young author should keep his story moving." Editors, with the assistance of the G.P.O., will help him to do that.

H. A. (Ipswich).—"I gave the man half-a-crown because he said he wanted to join his family, and only an hour later I saw him going into a cinema." Perhaps that's where his family was.

A. W. (London, E.C.).—"A man who threw a clock and wounded his son when asked to hand it over has received two months' imprisonment." That will teach him how to pass the time.

E. H. (Gateshead).—"The doctor told me the best thing for me was to give up smoking and drinking and get to bed early every night." So you asked him what was next best?

S. M. B. (Penarth).—"The man who lives longest is the man who never does anything in a hurry." At the same time it is just as well to ignore this particular theory when crossing a busy thoroughfare.

D. L. (Dover).—"How old would a person be who was born in 1906?" Man or woman?

MRS. L. (Dalston).—"A woman is as old as she feels." Like telling you.

F. P. (Woking).—"Many times a woman has knelt at my feet." Are you so lazy that your wife has to put your slippers on?

MRS. D. (East Grinstead).—"I heard of a most interesting wrinkle the other day." How to remove the old ones?

P. T. (Newcastle).—"I have no hesitation in saying that the grass doesn't grow under my feet when I'm at work." Ah, a coal miner?

DICKIE (Hull).—"Blinking is a definite sign of nervousness, isn't it?" Or that the sufferer has just received his wife's dress bill.

G. H. (Letchworth).—"I saw a man in a railway carriage take an onion from his pocket and eat it." *Now* will the public realise the importance of carrying their gas-masks?

F. L. (Llandudno).—"My wife insists on my rolling the lawn three times a week, and says I ought to like it. Can you imagine anybody ever being fond of rolling?" Out the barrel, yes!

G. A. (Forfar).—"There was a time in the history of the theatre when dramatic critics used to sit on the stage." Nowadays they merely sit on the author, the cast, the scenery and the producers.

V. K. (Millbrook).—"Does the enclosed photograph indicate in any way that I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth?" No, but it indicates the suggestion of a soup ladle.

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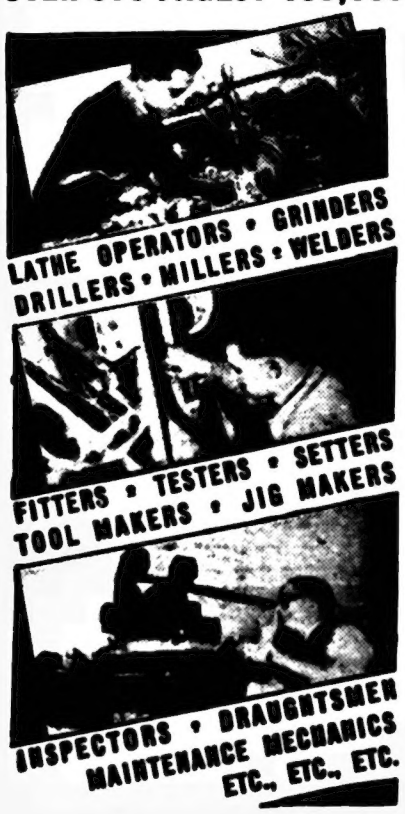

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RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—but facsimiles on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

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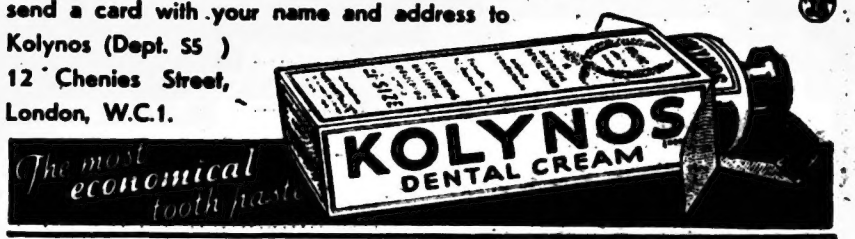

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F. 98 | J.B.L. 103 | ★ 103